WEEK ENDING FEB. 7 1925

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A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue: SUSPENSE *By Rupert Hughes*

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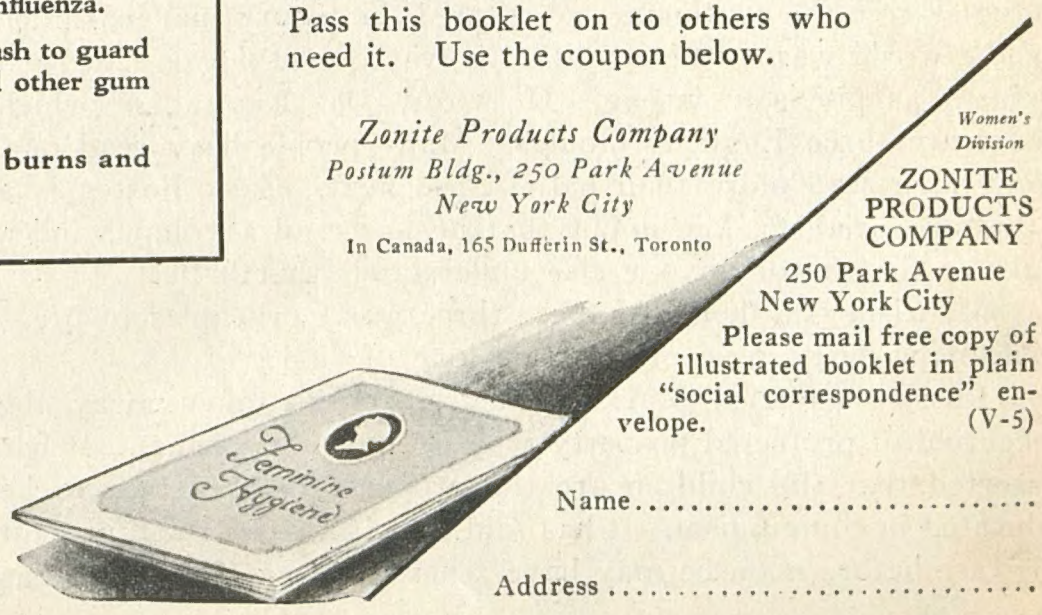

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FEB. 7, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

LOVE OF PROPERTY, OF FAMILY, OF GOD

There are three elemental human loves. One is love of property. Another is love of children. The third is love of God. They all mean life: one the means of life on earth, the other the continuation of life on earth, and the third the possibility of life after this earth period.

These three incentives have kept human life on its balance. Later there was added love of country, which in these days is frequently more powerful than love of property or family or life. Men will sacrifice all three at the call of country. They have sacrificed all this for their idea of God.

Love of property must have been the first fixed motive of man, because unless he could rely on his ownership of something overnight he might be hungry the next day; and he did not like to work either at making a stone spearhead or dressing a slain animal only to have spearhead and hindquarters taken from him. The idea of property goes back to the caves.

Love of offspring is eternal with the female. If it were not there would be no living things of any breeds. They would have died in infancy and the earth would be clear of at least any organic things with lungs. Fish can live without a mother's care, but a kitten cannot.

Paternal love of children is a development, but it is here. It has curious differences. We are told that the male rabbit and the male tiger will kill their young if they get a chance. It is some distance from the rabbit to the tiger. The male lion is protective and gentle. Why these differences we do not know, but always the mother is protective and, in human society, nearly always the father. His love is a culture and not an instinct, but it is now real.

Love of God may, in the beginning, have been fear. Its rites may have been those of propitiation. Devotion may have been to avoid penalties and punishment. God may have been a projection of the earthworm's fear of the foot which could and would step on him unless he conciliated it and persuaded it to step aside. Whether it was fear, hope of reward, of protection, of continuity and eternal egotism, it is now the expression of spirituality.

These are the three great mainsprings of life which have endured from the smallest cave of the crudest time in the gray dawn to the oldest culture we now know.

Along in 1850 or so a Jewish garment worker in London, a refugee from the continent, excogitated the theory that inasmuch as the world was in the condition it was everything it had been doing was precisely wrong. He wrote Das Kapital, of which there are three English volumes. Many people have read one. Few have read more than half of the next. Zack Foster is a Marxian socialist. We doubt that he has read a volume and a half, or that he or anyone else understands that half.

Marxism is a denial of these three great principles of life—love of property, love of children, love of God.

Russia has tried Marx's denials. It has taken away the incentive of protected property won by individual effort. It has asserted that the children are the property of the state to be educated in communism. It has said that if a citizen will present his case before noon he may have a new wife by 1 P. M. It has said that religion is the opiate of the people and they must cast it out to be economically free.

Russia under these new rules and under this denial of the old rules starves every winter, is degraded, and cannot raise its wheat, get out its metal, warm its people, or obtain any respect from the rest of the world from which it begs.

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Cover Design by Ruth Eastman

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

RING LARDNER ON EUROPE

White Photo.
RING LARDNER

BE PREPARED to learn something new about manners and customs in this old world of ours. *Ring Lardner* has been giving them the thoughtful once-over in the course of a jaunt across Europe. He's back now, and has recorded his observations and experiences for readers of Liberty. They make a hilarious chronicle—possibly the funniest travelogue you ever read. *The Other Side* is the title; Ralph Barton has done the pictures (they're comic, too), and there will be five installments, beginning next week.

Widows, statistics, girls, the law of averages, and the young man who sets forth to woo are divertingly blended by *Fred C. Kelly* into an article on *Your Marriage Prospects*, which sets forth certain facts that may surprise you concerning your chances of escaping matrimony or embracing it. You'll be surprised, also, at *Harper Leech's* revelations in *Cotton*, an article on the little-known part played by this commodity in world politics, war, and finance. And you'll find lively reading in new installments of *The Woodrow Wilson I Knew*, by *Mary Allen Hulbert*, and *Elmer Davis'* sparkling serial, *White Pants Willie*.

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SUSPENSE

By Rupert Hughes

A Short Story of Love and Steel, Flaming Peril and Strange Awakenings

"W'at if I told you we got everythink all ready for set every buildink in fire at same time?"

Pictures by
DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

I.

SHREDS of broken song and patches of ill played accompaniment came from the music room where Jaggard's daughter and her young man were playing at love and music. They drove the old man almost mad. He had enough else to fret him, and at last he went to the door to groan:

"Flora, what, in the name of God, is that thing you two are pecking at?"

His daughter flushed and sat along the piano bench a little farther from Randolph Boyd's elbow before she rose and stammered:

"Oh, just a new-art song by a very modern Dutch composer. The words are from the Chinese. Want to hear 'em?"

"No!"

"Then I'll read 'em to you, Daddy, my darling. They're a little different from the stuff you read about pig iron, but they say something to me. I don't know just what, but something."

She nudged Rannie. It amused her to tease her father with ideas as far as possible from the realm of his matter of fact experience.

Jaggard leaned against the casement with the submissive meekness of an American father and waited for what might come. He always thought of his daughter as a lovable but brazen thing who knew too much and had grown up too fast. He was astonished at the unexpectedly schoolgirlish embarrassment of her tone. It was the reading of poetry aloud that gave her this unusual sense of shame.

To Jaggard, the head of the great steel mills now in the throes of a strike, the poem was as excruciatingly grotesque as a pot of daffy-down-dillies on the lip of a blast furnace.

Rannie struck here and there at the poignant chords of Dirk Foch's music, or hinted the uncanny intervals of the unusual melody, as Flora read:

"'Twas late when I looked for spring,
And my laments were vain:
The beauty of that season
Could not return again.

"Strong winds had torn its blossoms,
The leaves were full and green;
Bright fruits hung on the branches—
Time had destroyed my dream."

The sour discord of the last false rhyme did not shock the unliterary mind of Jaggard. Nor did the meaning of the poem enter his thoughts until later. It had to work through his system like a slow poison swallowed without pain at first. All his comment was:

"Humph!"

"Thanks for the tribute!" Flora laughed. "Come in and hear the tune. Rannie can't read the notes or hit 'em when he reads 'em, and the *tessatura* is too high for my expensive voice, but otherwise we give quite a recital. So, set in, stranger, and make yoseff to hum."

The noise of the door closing was his answer.

A profound truth, disguised as poetry and music, had been smuggled into Jaggard's soul, though he did not know it yet. He returned to his black thoughts while Rannie resumed his vain courtship of Flora, who was as elusive as the music he loved but could not play.

JAGGARD leaned against the tall window-door of his library and looked out across the marble piazza to the valley, which only the moon illumined now. For years his mills had thrown upon the sky such a glare and flare as had made the moon ridiculous. On windy nights she had seemed to flee in terror from the torrents of flame leaping at her from the blast furnaces.

But now the mills were but a forest of dark chimneys, lonely as the charred and blackened trees left standing after a forest fire.

And this was a deeper grief to Jaggard than any mere loss of money; for if he had been bankrupted by the strike he would have been happier: he would then have had an excuse to work and build himself another future.

Now it meant nothing to his financial secu-

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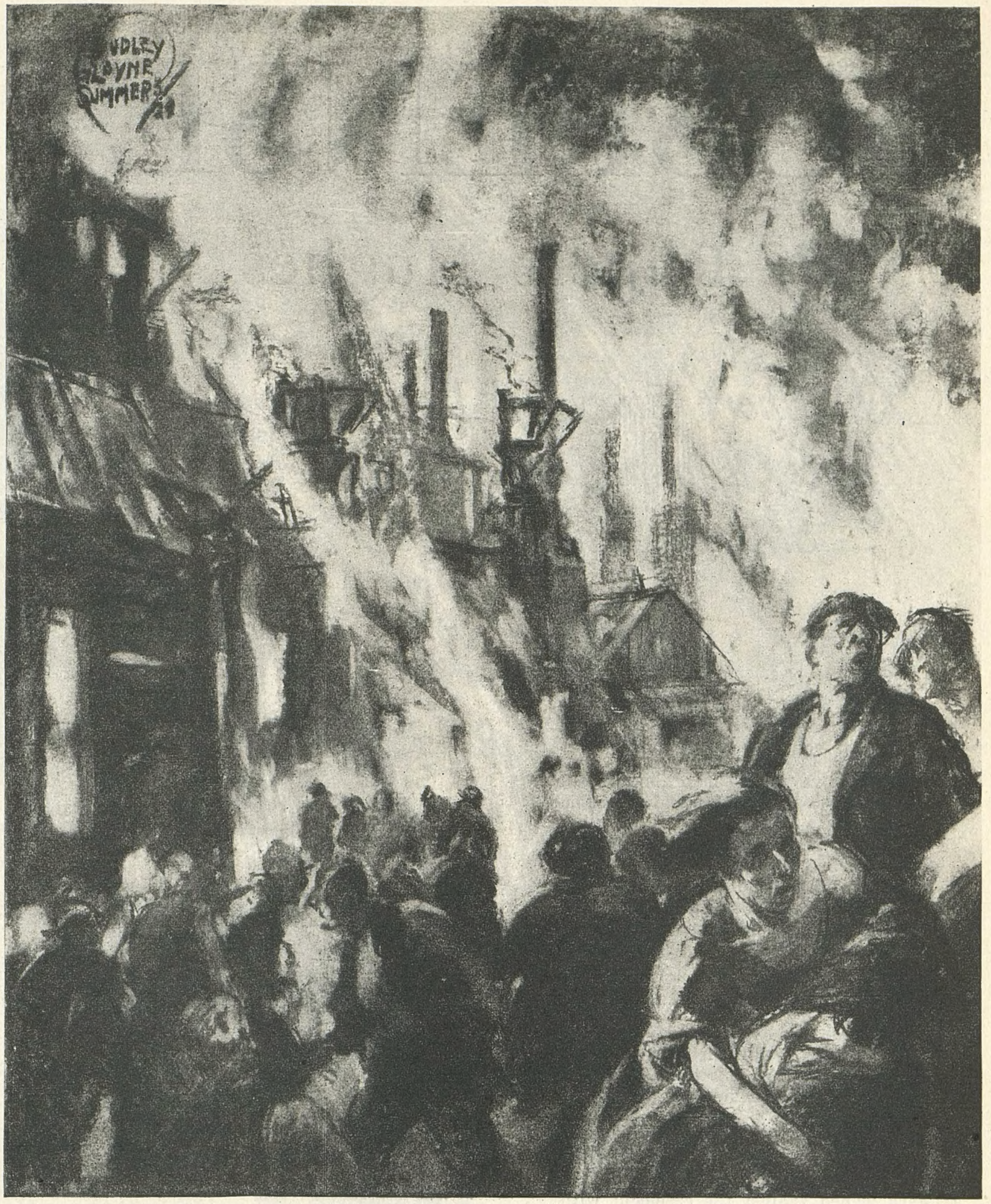
rity that his furnaces were cold, but it meant everything to his pride. It foiled his ambition to keep the name of Jaggard running round and round the world in steel rails, steel wheels, steel cars. The profits were uncertain at best.

Long ago he had reached the point of being richer than he wanted to be, but he had kept the mills gleaming in a constellation under the stars. He had loved to watch the molten ingots spill and flash their lightnings on the dripping bronze of his workmen's naked bodies.

It was not for their sakes, not for his own, that he sought markets for his castings, and that carloads of ragged ore were brought in to be crushed and turned from stone to liquid and afterward to spun adamant. It was not always easy to keep the pay rolls regular, yet he published advertisements of every sort to increase the output, so that he might enlarge the pay rolls.



"Take that damn thingumbob and turn it on that damn wha'dyacall it! The other way!"

FOR years his wife and Flora had begged him to sell out and retire, but he dared not intrust the works to a stranger. He felt himself as essential to the prosperity of his mills as he had been to their upbuilding.

For him to quit would paralyze the town that had grown up about his chimneys; would disperse the battalions of his workmen, terrify their women and children concerning food and shoes, concerning the money to pay the grocers, the butchers, bakers, dry goods merchants.

The catastrophe would roll on up to the wholesale dealers in big cities and down to the very dogs that snapped up the workmen's crumbs.

So Jaggard had gone on toiling, taking his wage out of his own benevolence; smiling to see some of his laborers come to work in automobiles. They wore patent leather shoes, too, and silk shirts that cost more than his. The daughters of his workmen and the women who worked in the mills seemed to be dressed as well as his own daughter.

But they were all his children, and he enjoyed even their thriftless follies.

And then the devil got into the paradise and the workmen grew discontented. The ungrateful vermin demanded still higher wages, still shorter hours, and a veto power that would render Jaggard the servant of all his employés rather than the great steelmaster.

Some of the orators at the meetings called him a robber! a tyrant! They gave the impression that Jaggard was not really a producer, but only a figurehead, and implied that the way he got so rich was by sneaking into workmen's homes at midnight and extracting vast sums from the pockets of their overalls.

The most radical were for the destruction of capital. They wanted to take the factory away from Jaggard and run it on the coöperative plan. They gave Jaggard no credit for building himself from lowlier wages than the least of them had ever earned, and less credit for building this great mill and keeping it alive for their sakes and for the sake of the high art of steel.

They sneered at Jaggard's kindly attempt to make them comfortable, and called it rank paternalism, officious interference. Paternalism was indeed in Jaggard's heart, but the ingratitude of his workmen was sharper than a serpent's tooth.

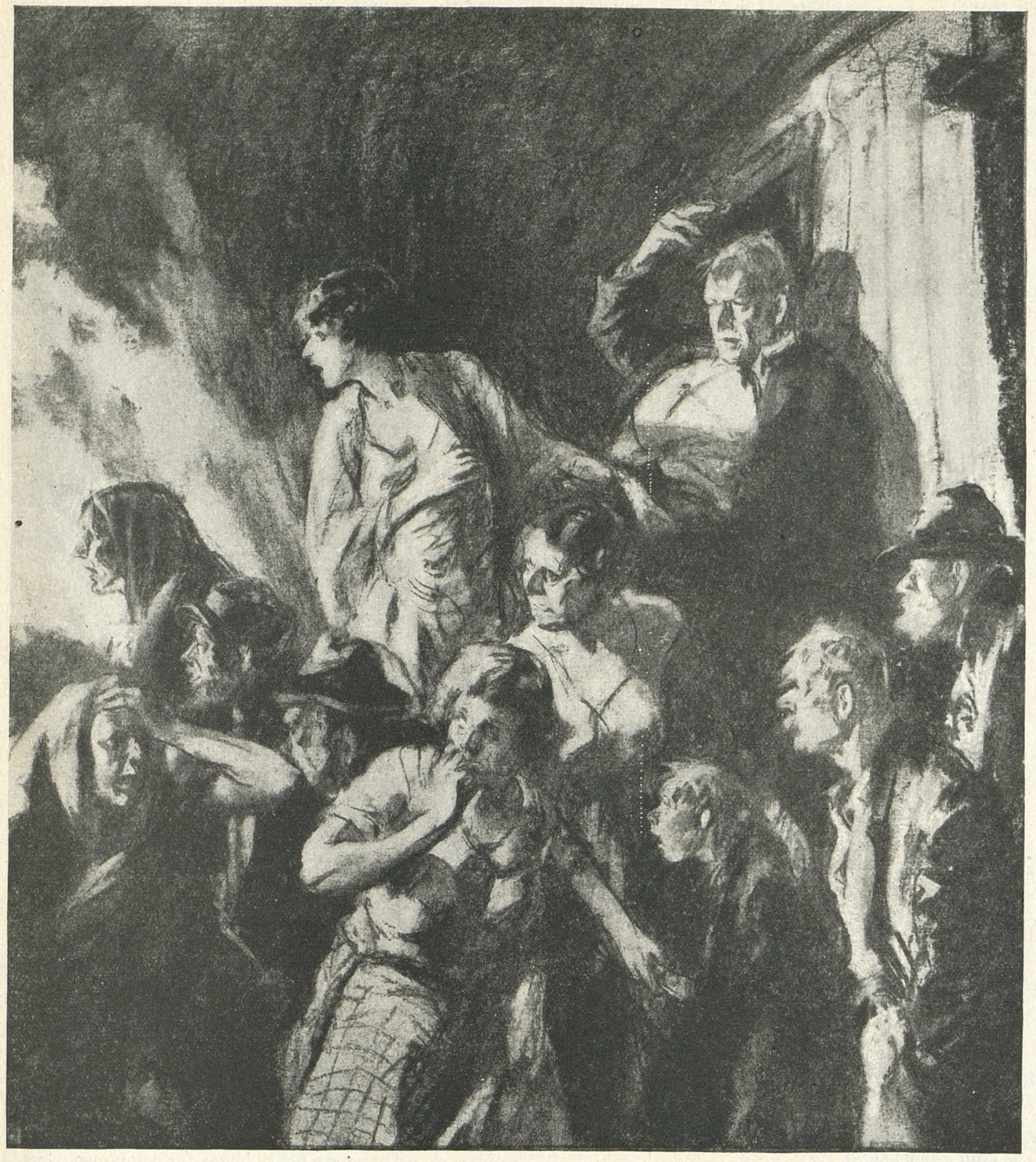
THE strike took him so by surprise that he did nothing about it. He had the fires drawn and locked up the mills. This caused equal dismay among the strikers, who had nobody to fight, and among the directors of the mill, whose income was cut short. Jaggard had thus far prevented the calling in of strike-breakers, but it was hard to hold the board. He was aghast at the thought of war about his sacred inclosure, and he could not bring himself to hate his laborers enough to shed their blood.

Still, he must make some decision tonight, against the morrow's meeting of the directors. He was tempted to order a permanent lockout of those who had walked out. Let them keep on walking and hunt for work in communities already overcrowded.

But revenge had no zest for him. It seemed all the more contemptible because it was so easily within his reach. He never cared for what was within his reach, and he sulked like a lion of undisputed supremacy, sparing the prey before him because he despised it—and because it was before him.

His wife was in Europe, and he could neither pick a quarrel with her nor growl comfortably in the luxury of her sympathy.

From the music room still came snatches of song and piano-pounding. Jaggard could not see what Flora saw, either in the music or in the pianist, but he was too wise to expect a



They obeyed her as best they could, and the women admired her, laughing as they sobbed.

girl to be interested in the things that interested her father.

Rannie's people had money and had left him everything but ambition. He was not much of a pianist, and Flora, for all the money spent on her teachers, was not much of a singer. Her voice kept fading off into faint squawks on climaxes meant to be attained with easily mounting fire.

THEN the poem she boggled began to knock at Jaggard's memory. He hushed his other thoughts and listened to the words again. Suddenly the idea of the poet got through to him and amazed him. For almost the first time he understood a bit of poetry. He recognized it as the very rapture of agony.

Some nameless Chinaman had filled the frail porcelain vessel of a lyric with a thought as soft, as flaky, and as tremendous as gunpowder. Now Jaggard's brain could translate the verse into his own idiom:

"It was late when I looked for spring—too late; and I lament the fact in vain. There is no way of bringing back the beauty of that season. Strong winds tore off the blossoms, and full green leaves replace them now. Bright fruits hang on the branches. And that is the tragedy of it, for I don't want fruits. I want blossoms. And I had a dream, and time has destroyed it by fulfilling it."

This airy nonsense was really an ultimate wisdom. It voiced the pathos and the futility of human desire as never before. For it is the desire itself that is precious, and it dies in its own satisfaction.

Jaggard saw now his own disease, his own portrait — and in a poem, of all places! Here he was, a business man as hard as his own chilled steel, yet poetically unhappy. It was the late summer of his prosperity, autumn, with a golden harvest garnered. And he was broken-hearted over it!

He was an inconsolable child, an idiot, a drunken man weeping because two plus two makes four! It had been exciting not to know what figures he had to deal with or what sum they would make. It had been wonderful to find that he had built up a two and another two; but it was dismal to reach the end of the mystery in a dull and stolid, a final four.

How silly, yet how profound! Was it not the very secret of mankind's eternal tragedy?

When the blossoms were so light on the twigs that the winds could twist them off and set them spinning, a man could not know what fruits would survive. The harvest was a thing of doubt, of anxiety, of suspense, of imperiled beauty. But it was the anxiety that thrilled. Once the bent boughs swept the aspiring grass with apples of red and yellow and russet the suspense would be over. The apples might wait to be plucked or they might thud the ground and roll and lie still for the gleaner's hand or the snouts of swine. Worms would ravage some of them, but the apples were, after all, only apples. And they had been blossoms!

Nature herself seemed to grieve over the completion of her toil; for with the harvest came early sunsets, raw night breezes, blistered leaves, shredded roses, a sense of farewell in all the air, and only speared thistles were left to adorn the white graveyard of winter.

But then hope would begin its resurrection. There would be a stir in the grave. The bitterest gale was foiled by the fireplace in the heart that sang: "Spring will come again. There will be blossoms by and by!"

The Chinese poet had felt this, too. A musician over in Holland had felt the world ache of it and given it forth in a cry of song with an accompaniment of vague regrets that spoke all the more appealingly for being inarticulate, unsyllabled.

II.

AS Jaggard brooded upon the mystery, not less a mystery for having always been one, his daughter and her young man ceased to flinch before the unusual harmonies and the eccentric intervals of the melody, launched forth and won through the song without serious mishap. The air shivered sensuously with a pity of beauty.

And then, having won the victory, the musicians forgot it. Having encompassed the difficulties, they found them no longer fasci-

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nating. They tossed the song aside and left the piano. That song would never again be new to them. In a week or so it would be "that conventional old thing."

So the poet and the composer had doubtless lost the thrill of composition as soon as they had achieved it.

And the song itself would be truly wonderful only to those who happened on it for the first time. It would have as brief a reign as spring; spring, whose beauty is the speed of her rosy feet upon the hills, the always amazing novelty of her influence, the petals she snows across the new grass, the brevity of her passage across the world.

As if he felt spring calling him out, Jaggard opened the window-door and stepped from the cavern of books, music, art, luxury, into the infinite night.

The Milky Way frothed across the ocean of sky in the spume of the wake of some incredible ship that had sailed beyond the horizon of the stars, as if the gods had gone on as argonauts in quest of new universes.

While Jaggard stood silent in the silence he could not help hearing two voices that floated around the corner of the balcony from where Flora and Rannie were maundering of love. They did not sound so idiotic in the dark; pathetic, rather. Theirs might have been the babble of Assyrian lovers, the susurrus of Roman youth about the moonlit colonnades, the murmurs of peasants strolling the banks of the narrow Avon River.

"Kiss me, Flora!"

"No, thank you."

"Oh, please, please! Just once!"

"Not once!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, there's no especial why-not. And that's *the* why-not. If there were something to make it difficult, or wrong, or dangerous, I'd love it. But just to kiss your foolish face, Rannie—no, thanks!"

"But the night is so sweet. And the honeysuckle—just breathe it—it's like wine. Kiss me."

"Where's the fun of it? Now, if we were out in the rain and the wind, or running away from a lightning storm, or in the broad daylight where somebody might see and be shocked—I might snatch a kiss with you. But the opportunity is too perfect."

"Hell, honey, but you are difficult! Are you never going to marry me?"

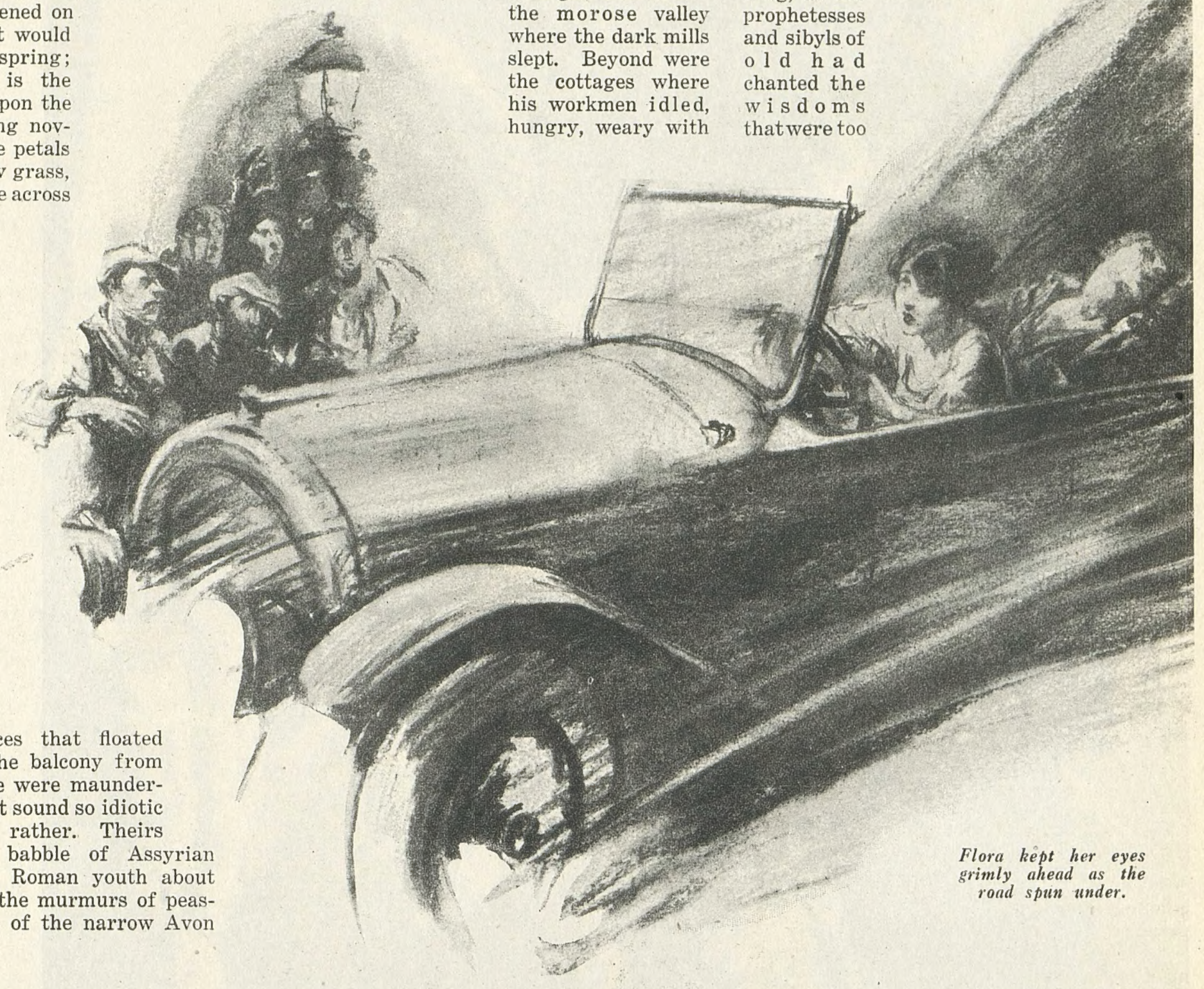
"Yes—never. We have everything already. If you were a beggar or a convict, or if I were—it might be interesting. But what adventure could we get out of it? It would be as exciting as putting on a pair of rubbers or combing your hair."

"You're cruel, heartless!"

"So's the world, my dear. And nothing is so cruel as having everything you might have wanted if you didn't have it already. Let's go inside. The night is too sickeningly sweetish to endure. It bores me!"

Rannie sighed, bewildered, and followed. Jaggard would have thought his daughter quite mad if he had not been enlightened by that elegy she had sung for departed spring and the burden of successful harvest.

He gazed down into the morose valley where the dark mills slept. Beyond were the cottages where his workmen idled, hungry, weary with repose, and thwarted by the lack of opposition. They and their wives and children were unhappy and sleepless because they could sleep as long as they wanted to.



Flora kept her eyes grimly ahead as the road spun under.

IN the village there was no activity; though, when the mills were in full blast, the workmen had caroused and danced 'til all hours. Now they were like Prometheus chained to the rock: they had too much leisure. Even the hall where the laborers had met to debate their strike measures was dark. Though Jaggard could not hear so far, he knew that no frantic orators were playing Spartacus and begging the gladiators to throw off their shackles of slavery. There was no slavery to throw off. They had nothing but freedom.

Jaggard smiled cynically. No wonder the orators were hard put to it for argument. He had spiked their guns by spiking his own. He would give them their bellyful of submission. If it was liberty they wanted, well, they were free—of him, at least. The world was before them.

He would give up the manufacture of steel, with its hazardous profits. He would abandon the town to its chosen indolence and retreat to Europe. He would strike against the strikers.

His toil in their behalf had gained them no happiness and him no recognition. He had won prosperity for them and their homes and children, and they were not contented.

The word "contented" stuck in his mind like a fish bone. Why were they not contented? Aha! the answer had come to him in a song, as the prophetesses and sibyls of old had chanted the wisdoms that were too wise for common speech. Workmen were like capitalists in that they could never rest, could never be satisfied.

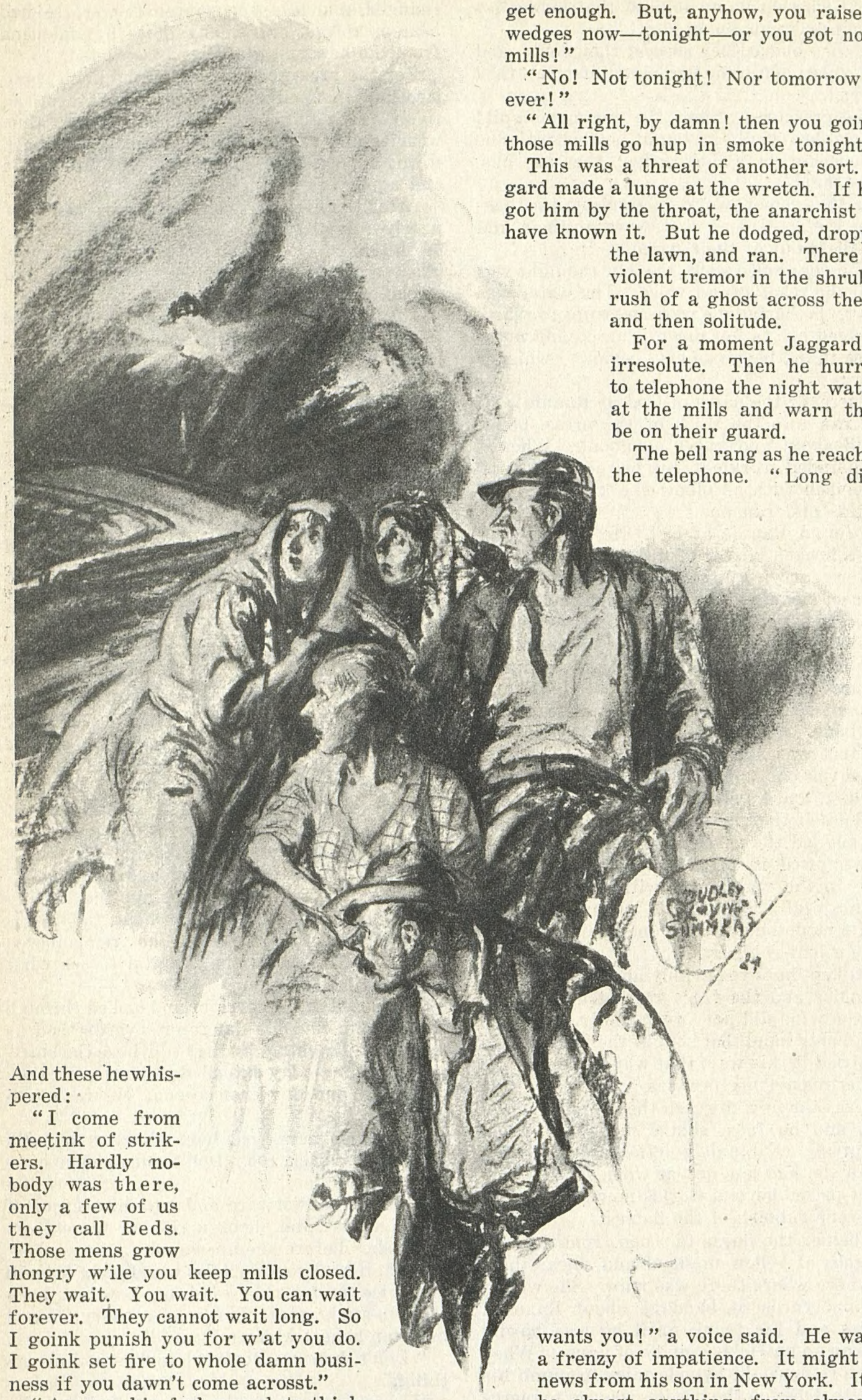
All at once he felt sorry for the poor rebels. They were not to blame for being men, since it seemed to be of the essence of humanity to be dissatisfied with success.

Even in the cradle this was made manifest. The way to make a child laugh and leap was to dangle something just out of its reach—an apple, a peach, a sweetmeat, any bright gewgaw. The way to stop its laughter was to give it what it clutched at.

His own folly had lain in hoping that he could ever make his workmen permanently happy. Give them what he might, they would go on fighting for something beyond, because it was the beyondness that beautified everything.

Who was that out on the lawn? What was it that quivered in that shrub? There was a solid shadow beneath the marble balustrade he leaned on.

A swarthy foreigner of evil face and stealthy carriage peered up at him, then clambered to his level with an apelike agility. Jaggard made ready for self-defense, but the fellow was even more cautious. He was apparently armed with nothing more deadly than hatred and threats.



And these he whispered:

"I come from meetink of strikers. Hardly nobody was there, only a few of us they call Reds. Those mens grow hongry w'ile you keep mills closed. They wait. You wait. You can wait forever. They cannot wait long. So I goink punish you for w'at you do. I goink set fire to whole damn business if you dawn't come acrosst."

"Are you big fool enough to think you can make a fool of me?" Jaggard growled. "You can't set those mills on fire."

"No? W'at if I told you we got everythink all ready for set every buildink in fire at same time? Powder, karosene—we got everythink!"

JAGGARD grew taut at this. They might destroy the plant by simultaneous explosions. The visitor caught his alarm and pressed the point:

"You give me your word you raise the men's wedges like they hask you to?"

Automatically Jaggard stiffened. A threat paralyzed him. He could not yield. He shook his head:

"What's the use? As soon as I raised the wages they'd begin to cry for more."

"Maybe, yes. If they take all, they do not get enough. But, anyhow, you raise those wedges now—tonight—or you got no more mills!"

"No! Not tonight! Nor tomorrow! Nor ever!"

"All right, by damn! then you goink see those mills go hup in smoke tonight yet."

This was a threat of another sort. Jaggard made a lunge at the wretch. If he had got him by the throat, the anarchist would have known it. But he dodged, dropped to the lawn, and ran. There was a violent tremor in the shrubs, the rush of a ghost across the lawn, and then solitude.

For a moment Jaggard stood irresolute. Then he hurried in to telephone the night watchmen at the mills and warn them to be on their guard.

The bell rang as he reached for the telephone. "Long distance wants you!" a voice said. He waited in a frenzy of impatience. It might be bad news from his son in New York. It might be almost anything, from almost anywhere. Whatever it was, it must wait until he had telephoned the factory. He jiggled the hook and had no answer. He yelled, pounded, swore, realizing with sickening helplessness that he might as well be howling at somebody on Mars. The wire was perhaps in the clutch of some unknown person a thousand miles away, and he could not tear it loose.

Like everything else human, the infernal telephone was as much of a curse as it was a blessing. At length he heard some woman's voice crying from the far-away:

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is that Mr. Jaggard?"

"Yes; speaking."

"Hello, is that Mr. Jaggard?"

"Yes. *Yes.* Hello!"

"Hello, is that Mr. Jaggard?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Jaggard! Who are you? What do you want?"

"Hello! Hello! Hello!

"Hello. Speak a little louder!"

"HELLO!"

"Not so loud."

"HELLO."

"Hello! Is Mr. Jaggard there?"

Then silence, scattering noises, sounds of someone being throttled to death, the murmur of all the seashells in the world. He pounded, screamed, until Flora and Rannie came running to the door and Flora asked:

"Have you gone quite mad, Dad?"

"Yes! Somebody's going to blow up the mills, and I can't get a wire because somebody's calling me from somewhere."

Flora had the efficiency as well as the other fearlessnesses of the modern girl. She ran to her father, ripped his tie loose, opened his collar so that he should not suffocate, wrested the telephone from his hand, and spoke as if she spoke to her grandson:

"You go with Rannie in his car and take the warning yourself. I'll keep at the phone until I get somebody. Run along now, and—Rannie!"

"Yes, darling?"

"Step on it!"

WHILE Jaggard stood trying to be a Janus and face two ways at once, Flora shoved him toward Rannie, who seized his hand and dragged him from the room and out to his car, stuffed him in, and set forth at a speed that nearly cracked his neck.

Jaggard was scared to death, but encouraged a little. He had despised these young fools who buy and run speed cars along the brink of death, but he was getting a new line on the young generation. He had to admit that the young loafer Rannie had a courage, a power, and a cool deftness that would have frightened Richard Cœur de Lion out of his armor plate.

In the meanwhile Flora had managed to secure the ear of a telephone central. With a few choice contralto curses she frightened the girl into admiring submission to her order:

"Cut out that long distance call and hold it until you get me this number, or I'll cut your throat. Put me through in a hurry, and I'll give you a handsome present."

She reached the factory at once and warned a watchman, who was evidently half drunk. Anyway, Flora told him so and scared him further by informing him that her father was nearly there "in person."

Then she demanded the long distance call. It was from her father's lieutenant general, Gates, president of the board of directors.

"Daddy's not here. Any message?" said Flora, anxiously watching the window where the mills were still beautifully invisible but might go up in rockets at any moment.

"You tell your father," said Gates, "that the board wants the mills reopened at any cost."

"They're about to be reopened at any minute," Flora laughed.

"I don't get you."

"Did you get *that?*"

There was the boom of a titanic drum, *bric-à-brac* fell off the walls, Flora staggered on the doddering floor and held up the telephone to ward off the ceiling if it fell in.

On the distant hillside there was a sudden Vesuvius.

"What's that?" the president of the board whined like the voice of conscience.

"That's the mills reopening," said Flora, and slammed the receiver on the hook with the

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effect of snapping the president's long, prehensile rubber ear back on his head.

Leaving Gates to his fierce curiosity, she ran from the house to the garage, swung back the doors with the help of her father's yawning chauffeur, told him to follow, plounced into her own car, pulled a lever, and shot herself out into space as if she were riding a shell hot from the cannon's mouth.

III.

OLD Jaggard and Rannie were deep in a winding glade where Jaggard could only marvel at Rannie's juggling the wheel as if it were a hot plate and pray that the serial miracles would continue that had brought them around every curve without a calamity.

Then the earth shuddered, the sky caught fire. They knew what it meant. Jaggard groaned, but Rannie somehow made the car go faster than its fastest. As they hurtled out into the clear there was another clap of the huge bass drum. One of the mills got up as from a chair, had a fit, and fell apart while skeins of flame went skirling up at the red clouds. Another earthquake. Another black giant rose and collapsed. Again. Once more.

All the blast furnaces were one blast furnace. The mill was a hell.

And now Rannie must check his speed, for a workman ran out from his cottage. Other workmen dashed across the road. Children bounced about as if a popcorn popper had burst.

Workmen leaped on the runningboard, talking excitedly. They spoke to Jaggard as if he were suddenly their best friend. Women shrieked and thronged before them. All the roads were filled with yelling hosts chanting a Marseillaise of alarm and converging on the Paris of the mills.

Men who would not lift their hands for good wages risked their lives for nothing. Hose carts were manned, hot fire engines dragged out, streams of water turned on from every direction. Against the writhing, gigantic dragons of flame the little arcs of water were as puttering as if the children were playing "fire department."

Jaggard from a high point played general. His heart was going like an emergency pump. But he had never been so happy.

Rannie had vanished. Something about his good clothes, his aristocratic manner, his habit of giving orders, and his hilarious recklessness made the men obey him—the same men who had jeered him and hated his guts when he tooled his roadster through the village.

Before long old Jaggard had bawled himself hoarse and speechless. He was miserable now once more, in his helplessness.

But there was a loud honking, and something very much like a whale swam through the reeling crowds. A girl clambered up to Jaggard's side. It was his Flora.

"Tell me what to tell 'em, Daddy!" she cried, and perked her ear against his mouth to hear his raucous whispers. Then she translated them into the shrill cries and the gestures of a livid fury. Sometimes she got his orders wrong, and he tore at her arm and shook her until she listened again. His voice gave out at last, and he could only pant.

She did not know the names of the various buildings, and her ignorance maddened her. She swore with a pirate's vigor and with words that dazed her father. Where had she heard them? The grimy men whooped with laughter as they puzzled out what she meant when she cried:

"Take that damn thingumbob and turn it on that damn wha'dyacall it. No. No! The other way! Kick that damn fool off that ladder before he breaks his damn neck!"

But they obeyed her as best they could, and the women admired her, laughing as they sobbed:

"The creature! She's the old man's spit! The Lord love her! Listen at her holler! She has the heart of a lion in her, that she has, she has that!"

And the women worked, giggling and licking up their tears as she swore at them and called them out of their name.

In time her voice went, too, but the fight was beyond the reach of her voice. The water was gaining, the battalions were pressing forward. She helped her father down, and, having nothing else to do, began to cry, began to whisper huskily:

"Where, in the name of God, is Rannie!"

She ran into the thick of the press, being knocked about and knocking about. When a smoke-blinded workman hit her in the pit of the stomach with an elbow she kicked him in the shins and ran on.

She found Rannie at last. He was coming out of a broken blister of fire, feet first. Two men were carrying him, and he was trying to keep from moaning through his clenched teeth. He, too, was cursing horribly. His clothes were still smoking in rags about his smoking flesh. His legs and arms were only so much blackened meat with scorched edges and patches of red raw flesh curled back from the naked bone.

His face was African, and all the hair upon his head was char. When Flora flung her arms about him, and he shrieked with anguish, she called herself the vilest names of all and wept.

But she led the carriers to her car and had Rannie stowed in it as best she could, and, leaping to the wheel, ran with terrific speed to the hospital in town. The jolting of the car kept him monotonously and unconsciously wailing like a jounced baby.

Flora kept her eyes grimly ahead as the road spun under and the trees retreated in panic. When the wind did not sweep the tears off she lifted a hasty hand that sought the wheel again and twirled it this way, that way—obeying the road, yet mastering its wiles.

She was the first to reach the hospital with a victim, and no false shame made her flinch from cutting off Rannie's clothes and stripping the man she had laughed at when he was perfect but prized beyond worlds now that he was the obscene rubbish of the flames.

She helped the nurse to scoop from the jars great gobs of yellow unguent and smear them everywhere where there was ruin. She wound yards and yards of bandage about Rannie's members and his trunk until he was hardly more than an unwieldy spindle of gauze. When the doctor thrust in hypodermics to numb his soul in its Gehenna the needles seemed to pierce her own flesh, but not with anodyne.

It was only when Rannie was stretched on a bed of oblivion, and she had been shoved into the corridor, that she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror, filthy with dirt, mulatto with grime, and all in rags. She was glad not to be clean and beautiful on such a night.

All night and all day the workmen attacked the flames with water, chemicals, and their own bare hands. They saved a part of the mills, at the cost of a few lives and countless wounds and scars. Among the casualties were three of the Reds who had been heard to boast of their triumph in setting the fire.

A few days ago they had been applauded and cheered for their sentiments, but that was on the dull evenings when the strike was in suspense. Now the mood of the audience had changed, and the sentimentalists were seized, beaten, kicked, and finally hung by the neck from the handiest gibbets.

For the present the mood of the little populace had changed as the tide rolls in destructively threatening to engulf the earth, then wearies and turns and drags everything back to the opposite destruction, only to flow again and again to ebb.

After the fire was out, old Jaggard slept for nearly a day before he revisited what was left of the mills. He found nothing but ugliness, black embers, twisted steel, mud, and foul smoke.

The workmen, however, were cordial and eager. They greeted him with friendship, saluting him and calling out:

"We'll soon have her cleaned up, guv'nor, and as soon as she's rebuilt she'll go on grander than ever."

THE wives of the workmen were blithe. Jaggard was once more their savior, their kind father. He would rebuild and resume. The children could go back to school; there would be shoes for their feet before snow fell. There was work for everybody now in making the ground ready for new buildings.

Men who had struck because they were asked to lift a hand out of their exact field had a hand for any job now. Skilled labor was shoveling ashes into barrows trundled by other skilled labor. The mill was again the hero, the wounded hero, in whose recovery was their one hope. They had nothing left but hope. So they were contented.

Their autumn was over, with its nuisance of prosperity. The winter was in full power upon them. And so everybody thought of summer.

"The Chinese knew a lot, and long ago!" thought Jaggard, remembering the spring poem. He was full of contentment, too, in his multitudinous tasks. Then he remembered Rannie, and went to the hospital to see what might be left of him.

He paused in the corridor and looked through the door to find his daughter, overdressed as usual, and laughing, by the bed where the shiftless fop Rannie lay extended, enwrapped to the nostrils in one long linen cocoon. He was mumbling:

"Glorious news, old hen. Doctor says I'll get my eyes back, too. Don't some people have all the luck?"

Flora leaned forward and gave him a puff of her cigarette and shook a rain of tears from her lashes before she answered:

"Oh, it's all very well for you, lolling here in your nice comfortable sewer, but how long have I got to stick around before you marry me and make an honest woman of me?"

"Don't, honey! Don't! I can't stand everything."

He could keep mute about his unceasing pain, but such bliss was like a torture. He groaned:

"If I could only see you!"

"You're not missing much, down there in the snow, you old caterpillar. In the spring you'll be a butterfly, and then I'll lose you, I suppose. But while I have you in my hellish power I'll just steal a chaste salute."

She dabbed her cheeks with a wet wad of handkerchief before she leaned over him and touched her pretty lips to the tip of his nose. It was all she could get of him, and so it was beautiful.

Her brows were clenched with pain, but it was the ecstatic anguish of longing. And her father, though his heart was wrung with sorrow for her sorrow, felt that there was April in her tears.

THE END

An Amazing Account of How the Newest Thing in Science Cured the Oldest Thing in Love—a BROKEN HEART

Doctor E. cross-examined me about my heredity and my personal history, always keeping an accurate record of every word I said.

The Woman *Who Was* PSYCHO-ANALYZED

By Elisabeth Redfield

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

I AM now thirty-two years old. Three years ago I was psycho-analyzed by Doctor E., an eminent neurologist and one of the best psycho-analysts in the country. And I was fortunate in going to him rather than to some other, because ever since psycho-analysis became a fad innumerable unprincipled and credulous individuals who know nothing of psychology or physiology have announced themselves to be psycho-analysts, and by practicing it have led hundreds of patients into mental chaos and distraction. For psycho-analysis is a really dangerous process to many persons. Why, I will show later in this narrative.

In reality it was unnecessary for me to be psycho-analyzed, because I was not hysterical or otherwise deranged. I was what is known as "normal." Just the same, I was so beside myself with unhappiness that Doctor E. consented to psycho-analyze me. The cause of my anguish was just this: I had been turned down by the man I was in love with. And, since this is an experience common to thousands, I think Doctor E.'s procedure, and advice, and cure should be interesting.

First I must tell you something about myself. When I was twenty-nine years old I was healthy, and smart, and well educated, and fairly good looking. But why make any bones about it? I was a knockout, and I knew it.

I lived in New York City unencumbered by the presence of any relatives. I had an income of three hundred dollars a month for which I did not have to work. My father and mother lived in Utica. I was an only child. On the whole, I was a very arrogant, carefree young woman. Only one thing ever gave me the slightest twinge of concern. Since I considered it part of the program to be married before thirty, once in a while I had a faint misgiving over the fact that I was still single.

AND it wasn't that men did not fall in love with me. My "go-to-hell" air was very attractive to them, and I can prove it. Between my twenty-third and twenty-eighth birthdays five men had fallen desperately in love with me. But although they were all likable and, on the whole, very promising young men, I could not bring myself to marry any of them. So at twenty-nine I was still unmarried and very stuck on myself.

Then my father died. This was a blow to me, because I loved him and admired him more than anybody else in the world. But the strange thing about my grief was that, even after six weeks, it showed no abatement. I lost fifteen pounds, and became so gloomy and ill that my mother, who had come to my side, and my friends finally persuaded me to go to a sanitarium. There, to the surprise of everybody, I had to stay for three months, all undone. Inexplicably, my depression began to take a strange new form. I was haunted by a fear that I would never get married because I would soon be too old and passé.

But, at length, I recovered, and, looking very tanned and sleek, I returned to New York.

Three months later I received the second blow of my life. I fell in love. It happened in this way: I was having tea with a rich woman who was a lion hunter. During a lull in our gossip I heard the maid open the front door. A man's voice was heard. And in that second I experienced an extraordinary sensation. That voice reverberated all along my backbone, up and down again. The instant that I heard it a thought rang in my mind as clear and loud as if it had been spoken, *"I wish I could marry that man!"*

The owner of the voice came sauntering into the room. He proved to be a man of about fifty-five. As soon as I heard his name—Gilbert Jones—I knew who he was—a Boston highbrow and a radical.

TO MAKE a long story short, I had fallen in love, even before first sight—with a man's voice. From that moment I summoned all of my faculties to ensnare this man. And I succeeded. He fell in love with me.

He was married and had a daughter sixteen years old. His wife was a fashionable woman. And in exoneration of these circumstances which sound so unsavory, long before I met him his wife and he had been planning to get divorced. But as soon as she learned that Gilbert Jones was in love with me she became incensed at him.

She told him she would divorce him, but, she

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said, if he married me he could never see his daughter as long as he lived with me. He agreed, and the divorce was granted. His health was almost broken by the inevitable sordid strain of the proceedings and by his conflict between his unhappiness at the loss of his daughter and his desire to marry me. I persuaded him to go abroad for two months. After that we would be married.

And then, after he had been gone about a month, I received the final blow that nearly did for me. His letters had become less frequent, and then one came in which he told me that he wanted me to release him from his promise of marriage. He had not the courage, he wrote (begging forgiveness again and again), to give up his daughter; I was too young to marry him and our backgrounds differed so widely that he was sure we would not be happy.

Then I cracked. I became sick and could not sleep. This was followed by a couple of weeks of terrifying melancholy.

I turned to my old suitors. But, to my dismay, I seemed to have no hold over them at all. I even fancied that they tried to avoid me.

IT was at this point in my life that I went to Doctor E. to be psycho-analyzed.

He was over fifty and plump and pale, but his face was so lively and intelligent, and his manner so kind, that a pale beam of comfort from being in his presence shone upon me.

I sat in a comfortable chair, and he sat at his desk near by. He asked me innumerable questions, and wrote down my answers in full, but with such rapidity that our talk progressed at an ordinary conversational tempo.

At first I spoke up and told him everything he asked me readily, with cheerful smugness. But as he progressed there began to pop into my mind things that I was loath to have him know about—drunkards and reprobates in the family, thoughts and episodes in my own life that I was in the habit of not counting. I was horrified at the prospect of having to confess these, and immediately began to cast about in my mind for ways to fool him, and even ventured a lie now and then, each one of which, I learned afterward, he had quickly detected.

I must explain here that the psycho-analytical process is a long, painstaking one. I went to Doctor E. every day for ten months, but some patients must go for two years before anything can be done for them.

For the first two weeks Doctor E. cross-examined me about my heredity and my personal history, always keeping an accurate record of every word I said. I found that my memory under his questioning began to expand in an extraordinary way. Also, he was so sympathetic and disarming that, as time went on, I no longer tried to conceal things from him.

After he had a fairly complete account of my history, he asked me to bring in my dreams. I was to try to remember a dream every night. At first this was hard, but very soon it proved to be a trick which can be learned. I kept a tablet by my bed, and on waking in the morning would jot down my dream.

After I had narrated one of my dreams to Doctor E. he would ask me to sit back in my chair, to close my eyes, relax, and tell him what came into my mind with this or that feature of the dream.

"And try not to guide the stream of pictures which arises," he said. "Tell me anything that comes into your head. And don't censor it or try to make it sound nicer and more refined than it is. I want you to consider yourself like an automobile that is broken and hauled into the garage. Regard what you have to tell me impersonally, as if you and I were taking down the machine and examining each part in succession."

I was healthy, and smart, and well educated, and fairly good looking. But why make any bones about it? I was a knockout, and I knew it.

So, very gradually, Doctor E., by studying my dreams and my free associations with objects in my dreams, began to get an inkling of the conflict that was being waged in my Unconscious; to discover my fierce, primitive desires, which I had so deeply repressed that I did not know they even existed. And at this point I began to know something about psycho-analysis.

Imagine the Conscious Mind as being an inch deep. Then the Unconscious as being a mile deep. Practically all of man's activities come out of his Unconscious. We behave in such and such a way. Our Conscious Mind thinks up a good reason to fit our behavior.

For example, you may admire red hair. Your Conscious Mind has a good reason for your admiration, and you say it is simply because you think it a beautiful color. But very likely your reasons for liking it can be traced to your early childhood or infancy, when a red-haired servant girl was very good to you.

THE psycho-analyst has developed a method of probing far back into the earliest years of your life. He is particularly interested in your relations as a baby and child with your father and mother; their feelings toward you and toward each other. Because these things determine many things in your later life—your loves, hates, fears, aspirations.

Now, if your original Father-Mother-Child triangle was a happy one—that is, if both parents were living, in love with each other and loving the child; and both sensible and kind—then, when you grow up, you will never have to be psycho-analyzed.

But very few are so fortunate. Emotional development in early childhood is rarely as smooth as that. For example, perhaps only one parent is alive. In consequence the child becomes too attached to that parent. Or perhaps one parent is too stern. Again, the child becomes too attached to the other parent, who is kinder. Such conditions bring about what in later life the psycho-analysts call a fixation.

Or, perhaps, you are suffering from some psychic ailment because your parents were either fools or prudes. For example, a mother tells her small boy that he will go insane if he writes a bad word on a fence. The boy believes it. Yet, as is apt to be the case, his interest in bad words persists. This causes a violent inner conflict, and he will grow up with some serious psychological impairment. In other words, he will have a neurosis, due to his inner conflict between his interest in sexual things (which is natural) and his fear and horror that he will go crazy because of it.

This conflict will be repressed into his Unconscious. There it will lie and fester, and when he grows up he will surely be handicapped by a neurosis. A neurosis is a disease of the nerves without appreciable change of nerve structure. A neurosis may take an almost infinite variety of forms, varying all the way from suicidal mania, perversion, or imagining yourself to be a horse, etc., to small handicaps such as we see in people all around us—stuttering, nervous tics, insomnia, bashfulness, continual blushing, inability to spell, for-

getfulness, coquettishness, philandering, or inability to eat certain food.

Some people have a cleanliness neurosis and are always washing their hands. Some have a neurosis which makes them stingy. Some are made bullies or hypochondriacs. And some have a neurosis that prevents them from falling in love and marrying.

IT IS true that in the Unconscious of all of us there are conflicts. This is inevitable. We inherit savage and fiercely egotistical lusts from our primitive ancestors. Yet we live in a crowded and civilized world where it is necessary to hold ourselves in check. That is, you can't kill the husband of the woman you love because you want her. You can't kill the man who hurts your feelings. Or, deciding you like your neighbor's new car, you can't take it home with you.

But sometimes, through circumstances in infancy or early childhood, usually through harsh, or ignorant, or puritanical upbringing, we are led to believe that our natural desires are so vile, so sinful, that instead of recognizing them and controlling them through good sense, we repress them into the Unconscious with horror and self-loathing.

When this happens, the person in whom the conflict is raging will in later life be seriously handicapped and impaired by some affliction like those I have mentioned.

The psycho-analyst's aim is to find out what is happening in your Unconscious. He does not explain to you what his discoveries are, but by psycho-analyzing you he makes you see for yourself the origin of your hates, and loves, and fears. And when all these are fully revealed to you, the neurosis that they have caused in your Conscious life vanishes. In other words, you are cured of your melancholy, or timidity, or stuttering, or whatever it is.

The most valuable key to your Unconscious is your dreams. Every dream is a wish. Thus, Doctor E., when he discovered what my dreams meant, knew what my wild, savage, unrepressed self longed for.

Now, although our dreams are all desires, yet even in our dreams we camouflage the bloodthirsty selfishness of our wishes, and we dream in symbols. Doctor E. discovered what my dream symbols meant by the method of free association—that is, by getting me to relax and to tell him what mental associations I had with the various features of my dream.

And, although dream symbols differ in everyone, yet it has been found that hundreds of people use the same root symbols. Here are a few of them: The body, in a dream, is often symbolized by a house, or church, or building. The male body is symbolized many times by flat things, plains, the flat side of a building. The female body by rolling landscapes, hills, mountains, a façade with balconies on it. Birth symbols center about water—going in and coming out of water. Weakness is often represented in a dream by losing a train. The death wish is often symbolized by going into the dark, going away on a journey.

NOW to proceed with how I was psycho-analyzed and what Doctor E. discovered about me. Of course, I can only touch the high spots. The complete record of an analysis would fill a library.

I told Doctor E. about my early life. My mother was a choleric and handsome woman. She dressed somewhat floridly, and was more robust and hearty than my father. Her family were vigorous people, and some of them were rather coarse. My father, however, came from a distinguished family and had the most delicate sensibilities. He was noble, generous, and high minded.

My mother had contempt for what she called his fads, his sporadic vegetarianism, his inventions, his interest in mysticism. My father loved her with pathetic, doglike devotion all his life. I can never forget the wounded, doglike look in his eyes when she used to upbraid him for this or that.

In telling Doctor E. of my mother I kept assuring him that she was the best mother in the world; that I had inherited her tastes and a good deal of her florid nature. It showed in the way I dressed, in my liking for bright rouge, for somewhat flashy clothes, in my hoarse voice, in my inclination to swear. I assured Doctor E., again and again, that she was the best mother in the world, and I loved her with all my heart.

This reiteration led Doctor E. to perceive that subconsciously I did not like my mother at all.

"It is often," he explained later, "by a patient's persistent reiteration of a statement that I get important clews. Thus, a woman who was suffering from melancholia during an hour's time repeated at least a half dozen times how good her husband was, how true he was, and how much she loved him. It was not at all surprising to hear later of his very open use of enormous sums of money to keep up an extra marital establishment, ostensibly for the use of out of town customers."

MY MOTHER, I told Doctor E., used to complain that I was impractical and indolent, like my father. And when she felt it necessary to scold me rather violently for these things, my father always took her part against me. This always seemed to me terribly distressing.

Later I learned from Doctor E. that when I spoke of these scenes when my father took my mother's part against me I stammered and screwed up my eyes. This facial expression, he learned, always preceded some memory that was particularly painful. It often gave him valuable clews about me, and the reasons for my pain over these parts of my story I will

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Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active.

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DISSOLVE ONE CAKE IN A GLASS OF WATER
(just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast when taken this way is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain. Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health.

Address: Health Research Dept. G-14, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I WAS a wreck and I knew it. Although young, scarcely twenty, indigestion had taken a firm hold; my complexion was bad, vitality gone and life looked black. I had tried everything and yeast had been recommended to me. 'How absurd,' I mused. 'Yet if I only dared hope!' At the end of a month my complexion was noticeably improved, my stomach working properly and my entire system rejuvenated. Miracles like this cannot happen in a day, but now I am the picture of health."

(An extract from a letter from Mrs. Arthur R. Pagnam, R. F. D. No. 29, Stamford, Conn.)

"AT the age of forty I found myself slipping in health. I was troubled with indigestion, constipation and nervous debility. I had read about people taking Fleischmann's Yeast, and ordered some. A while later, in answer to a friend's inquiry, I was surprised to hear myself reply, 'I feel like a prize-fighter' and realized then that I had not felt any sign of indigestion for some time, and was putting in ten to twelve hours' hard brain work daily. I knew I was back again."

(A letter from Mr. W. L. King of Washington, D. C.)

"FIVE years ago, as an office worker in Milwaukee, I could answer to the description of the 'rundown, nervous, suffering woman' in the patent medicine ads. My sallow complexion was my greatest worry and I was always troubled with constipation. I had taken medicine for four years, but the doctor said that drugs could not affect a permanent cure. Two years ago I learned from the girls in the office to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I am frequently complimented on my fresh complexion and am told I don't look more than twenty-two. I hold the championship record for swimming and tennis in our club. I still have one incurable habit—half a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily with a glass of milk."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald of Ypsilanti, Michigan)

Yeast is especially delicious on toasted crackers or as a sandwich "filler" with jam or peanut butter.

"I WENT fishing up North about 250 miles from Vancouver in the Spring of 1920, and had an attack of boils in a very bad form, which lasted for one year and five months—from 7 to 10 at a time. I tried all kinds of remedies. A fisherman friend made me a bet that Fleischmann's Yeast would cure the boils if I took 3 cakes a day. He said he would buy the yeast cakes. In 10 days my boils began to dry up, in 4 weeks only the marks were left and no new boils coming. I lost the bet and paid for the cakes, but I have not been troubled with boils since."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. John Faulkner of Nanaimo, B. C.)

"WHEN I commenced to eat yeast about two years ago, I was the grouchiest grouch that ever nursed a grouch. I realized that my Nemesis was that curse of mankind—constipation. About every cathartic on the market went through my system. My grocer suggested that I give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. Since I began eating it my bowels function perfectly night and morning—the proverbial kitten has nothing on me for sound slumber. I do not claim Yeast to be a universal 'cure-all'—but it certainly gave me an excellent start on the road to health."

(A letter from Mr. Cyril A. Gendermann of 1022 Tenth Avenue, Brooklyn)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

explain later. I told Doctor E. one of my childish nightmares. With slight variations I believed I dreamed the same dream many times during my childhood, because I can remember it to this day so vividly, all the details of it and my subsequent terror over it. It went like this:

My father and mother and I went out for a walk. A big, wolflike dog came running up and jumped up and fawned on my father affectionately. He laughed and patted the dog. Then suddenly the dog became a wolf and leaped at my mother's throat and killed her. My father simply looked on philosophically and said, "That kicks in the panel."

Eventually this dream was analyzed in this fashion: The wolf, as in many cases, proved to be the symbol for my wild and reprehensible wishes. Toward my father it had been merely an affectionate and devoted dog. But then it turned into a savage animal and killed my mother. So my unconscious wish was that my mother be killed, out of the way. My father's remark in the dream, "That kicks in the panel," was traced to an event in my life when I was four years old.

I had locked myself in a very small closet. Everybody was frightened and excited, and I heard them screaming for my father. He came bounding upstairs, and I heard him say in a cool, short voice, "Kick in the panels." And with a few blows of his foot he did so, and rescued me. He was evidently badly frightened, for he hugged me and kissed me with more feeling than he had ever shown before.

SO, Doctor E. said, as a child I was in love with my father and was jealous of my mother. This is quite normal. My mother, it turned out, was so lacking in tenderness that I became more passionately attached to my father than was good for me, as I will show later. But he loved my mother more than he did me. This stood between us, and that is why, in my dreams, I wished her dead, out of the way, so that I could have my father's love unshared.

And that was also the reason I screwed up my eyes and stammered when I told Doctor E. about those occasions in my childhood when my father had sided with my mother against me. These occasions were particularly painful to me because they were bitter reminders of where my father's allegiance really was.

The last part of the dream, my father's remark, "That kicks in the panel," meant this: It symbolized a happy emotional union between him and myself, being, as it was, a vivid memory of that time in my childhood when he had rescued me and evinced the most gratifying passionate tenderness.

So it turned out that I had a father fixation. In other words, I had never been able to outgrow my infantile love for my father. At seven or so my emotion should have gone out to a number of things—my mother, myself, my brothers and sisters, if I had any. And at fourteen, if my emotional development had been normal, I should have turned to girls of my own age, and at about twenty to young men. But, instead of that, because I was the only child and because my mother was somewhat unfeeling, my emotional and certain other interests (although in my conscious mind I was all unaware of it) had all centered upon my father. And this explained many things.

It explained why I had been unable to marry any of the young, eligible men who had been in love with me. I would not be untrue to my first fundamental love—my father. It explained why I had a nervous breakdown when he died, and why after his death I began to have the horrors over growing old, and desolate, and lonely, and unable to fall in love and marry.

It explained why I had fallen in love with such violence, with a voice. Gilbert Jones' voice was very like my father's. Also, he was old enough to be my father, and there was a remarkable resemblance between them, as they were both thin and aristocratic, fastidious and impractical, dreamy and idealistic.

It explained why I, in spite of the fact that I did not admire my mother particularly or was little like her in mental makeup, had many of her outward characteristics—a hoarse voice, tight clothes, and a jolly, loud manner. This Doctor E. traced to a wish on my part to identify myself with my mother as the best way of winning my father-ideal. *She* had succeeded in enslaving my father. In order to do so myself, I assumed her characteristics outwardly, although in feelings and sensibilities I was very different.

AT this stage in the analysis a strange thing began to happen, something which is an inevitable part of the process of being psycho-analyzed. This is the transferrence. In other words, as I became less suicidal over Gilbert Jones, I began to fall in love with Doctor E.

At first I did not recognize the fact myself, but of course Doctor E. knew from the start, by numerous indications, when the transferrence had begun to take place. I went early for my appointments. I would leave my umbrella or a book in his office, this being a subconscious ruse to come back and see him again. I talked about him to his office girl. While I was with him I would play with things on his desk that he was in the habit of using, his blotter and his office scissors.

Now, there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that this should happen. As someone has said, to talk of love is to make love. The unhappy patient who is psycho-analyzed begins to find in her doctor a friend, a confidant, and a rescuer. It is not surprising that she should transfer her affections from her lost love to her doctor.

But it is in this fact of the transferrence, as Doctor E. explained later, that lies the great danger of psycho-analysis. Only the most experienced and well-balanced psycho-analyst can carry his patients through this state happily. Many so-called psycho-analysts make use of the transferrence to fill their own pockets, getting patients hopelessly in love with them, from which state these charlatans, out of crookedness or inexperience, do not extricate their victims.

But Doctor E. led me out of my mental maze skillfully. He made use of the fact that I loved him by getting me to talk to him more freely. In a subtle way he made me feel that if I became a happier and more useful person I would be doing it for his sake. So I put all my efforts into the accomplishment of it.

Now, this is the way in which psycho-analysis brings about cures. It makes you perceive and understand your own inner conflicts. It is not enough for the psycho-analyst to tell you what they are. You must come to see them for yourself — revelation after revelation — until finally all your inner desires and fears are laid bare. When at length you have an understanding of the conflicts deep in your Unconscious, then the neurosis caused by these conflicts will disappear.

Thus I came to see that my violent and irrational love for Gilbert Jones was based on a fixation, rather than on a true appraisal of his worth and his good qualities. I loved him for his voice and the fact that he was tall, and thin, and old enough to be my father; I did not love him for his nobility, and idealism, and generosity, things that were deserving of love. As soon as I saw that I had a fixation, my love became no longer violent and obsessive. Although I was still in love with him, perhaps more than ever before, I began to find living not only endurable but even cheerful and interesting whether he loved me or not.

I perceived that heretofore all my activities had been motivated by nothing but self-love, and that the greatest satisfaction and composure is to be gained out of working, using your faculties. So I went to work in a biological laboratory, work that interested me very much. I became cheerful, and good natured, and philosophical. I discovered that in order to be happy it is not necessary to have some man demonstrating his frantic love for you; that if you have work which is interesting and profitable and many friends for whom you feel much warmth and affection, you do not have to be in love at all.

But this story has an even happier ending. After I had regained my old nonchalance and much wisdom as well, I saw Gilbert Jones again. He, poor man, was in bad shape, almost distraught. He was still in love with me, ashamed at his timidity and indecision in not having married me, feeling like a skunk over his behavior to his first wife and gloomy over the partial loss of his daughter. Seeing that I was so composed and cheerful, he also decided to be psycho-analyzed by Doctor E. The result of this was that after several months Doctor E. told us that we ought to be married, that we were well adapted, and would be much happier and better off so.

WE have now been married for nearly three years. And I think, considering most marriages, that ours is an unusually good one. For a long time whenever we got into difficulties, as all married people do, we would go tramp, tramp to Doctor E. and ask him what to do about it.

For instance, whenever my husband had tea with his daughter, the next day, for an apparently unconnected reason, I would quarrel with him. Doctor E. would quickly trace my quarrel to jealousy over my husband's interest in his daughter. Or if my husband criticized my clothes, or said good naturedly that I had on too much rouge, I would fly into a rage that was all out of proportion to the cause. Doctor E. would make me see that I saw in Gilbert Jones' criticism of my manner of dressing a criticism of my vulgar mother and forebears, who, as far as breeding went, were inferior to his.

The result was this: By taking such things to Doctor E. we both began to discern the piffling, ignoble egotism at the base of almost all marital rows. This was a tremendous incentive for both of us to try to behave with more nobility and dignity. Furthermore, through psycho-analysis I perceived that Gilbert Jones' idiosyncracies were not due to any superficial cussedness (as most wives are apt to think), but had roots that extended deep into his early childhood and infancy and into the remote lives of his ancestors. He, I think, learned the same about my perverse moods and certain tastes of mine that might very well otherwise drive him crazy.

And so it is that, knowing so much about ourselves, we now find it possible to behave toward each other with some measure of generosity and tolerance. In fact, as some woman used to sing in vaudeville years ago, you'd hardly think we were married at all. You'd almost think we were friends.

THE END

STRONG

A Tale of Flying Fists in the North Woods, and of a Giant Who Was Tamed by the Tiniest Thing He Knew

By

WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT

Pictures by ROBERT W. STEWART

I.

"CRACK down on him and shoot if he won't stand," said Squint Hastings viciously. "That's the way I'd handle him if I had my say!"

The sheriff's office was thick with smoke from the pipe and cigars of the half dozen deputies lounging there. Through this haze old Dad Boone, the sheriff, a lean, long, leathery man, with a bald head, a hook nose, and a walrus mustache, sitting tilted back in his swivel chair before a rickety, cluttered desk, peered at Squint and shook his head reprovingly.

"I ain't goin' to use lead on Skookum Bill Purdy!" he declared firmly. "Not if he ain't armed, I won't. I reckon he won't be, 'less he's changed a lot in the last few months. I've knowed him ever since he was knee high to a duck, and I don't think he ever carried a gun in all that time."

"Why should he?" asked Squint bitterly. "He can kill any man in the country with his bare hands if he's a mind to, an' I reckon he knows darn well he don't have to worry about no officer of the law pourin' lead into him as long as you're sheriff."

The sheriff deftly rolled and lit a thin, crooked cigarette, a tiny, twisted wisp of paper and tobacco which made a ludicrous effect peeping forth from his thick tangle of gray mustache. He tilted yet farther back and gazed at the ceiling.

"I knew his dad before him," he said thoughtfully. "Went sealin' with old Purdy one trip up to the Pribilofs back in the early eighties. Skookum's mother, too. Schoolteacher, she was, from back East somewhere. Darned fine woman."

"Yes?" said Squint sarcastically. "What do you think you're runnin' here? Sheriff's office or old home week? Skookum's wanted by the law, ain't he?"

"He's wanted, and he'll be got," said the sheriff, shortly. "You know as well as I do I've kept tabs on him all the time he's been in Canada. I got word by wire the minute he quit his job and headed south, didn't I?"

Squint nodded a reluctant affirmative.

"You wouldn't have been put to the bother of keepin' track of him in Canada if you'd let me use my gun as I had a legal right to when we first went after him," he qualified his assenting gesture, ungraciously.

Some of the deputies chuckled. Squint glowered at them.

"You'd laugh out of the other side of your fool mouths if you'd been manhandled by Skookum Bill Purdy," he said. "It's no joke, I'm tellin' you!"

He opened the door, paused on the threshold, and looked back.

"I'll be over to Sam Jordan's gettin' shaved, if you hear any news before I get back and want me," he said, grouchily, to the sheriff.

"Take your time," said the sheriff mildly. "The down train's forty minutes late. There won't be no call to move for half an hour at the soonest."

Squint went out and shut the door.

"Jolly tonight, ain't he?" said one of the deputies.

The sheriff grinned. "He's got some cause to grouch," he admitted. "I let him in for an awful lickin' when I took him to get Skookum Bill Purdy and ordered him not to use his gun. Took a man's size beatin' myself, for that matter. The two of us together didn't have no more chance with him than a couple o' sparrows peckin' at a full grown eagle. Gosh all mighty! He's strong, that Purdy!"

The deputies exchanged uneasy glances.

"I've heard he can bend a horseshoe with his hands," said one.

"He can," said the sheriff. "I've seen him do it."

"How many of us you takin' along to handle him tonight?" another asked dubiously.

"Enough," said old Dad, with a glance of contempt. "I'm not dependin' on you boys altogether. I got an ace in the hole this time."

ONE of the sheriff's men opened the door and poked his head in.

"Man out here wants to see you," he said. "His name's Gribbon. Says you sent for him."

"Send him in," said the sheriff.

He looked at his deputies, grinning. "He's my ace," he announced.

A huge hulk of a man with a broken nose, a cauliflower ear, and a close-cropped, bull-like head appeared in the doorway.

"'Lo, Sailor," said the sheriff, rising. "How's tricks?"

"Not so bad," said the giant. "Feller down on the water front told me you wanted to see me."

"Right," said the sheriff.

"What's the trouble?" the giant inquired. "Somebody been makin' a squawk about me?"

The sheriff laughed. "You must have a guilty conscience, Sailor," he chided his visitor. "No complaint against you that I know anything about."

The big man grinned. "I come up from Portland last week as mate in the Sally Jones," he rumbled. "One of the hands got foolish. Somebody must have told him he was a great big full grown man, I guess. He shot off his mouth too free and I had to slap him into place. He claimed I busted a couple of his ribs doin' it. He told some of the other hands he was goin' to get the law on me when I got ashore. Thought maybe he'd been to see you."

The sheriff shook his head.

"No, Sailor," he said. "I haven't heard from him."

He turned to the deputies. "This is Sailor

He ducked the blow that Squint aimed at his head with the butt of his revolver.

Gribbon, boys," he introduced the big man. "He's goin' to be one of us for a little while tonight, if he's got the time—an' ain't forgot a little favor I did him a few years back."

"I ain't, sheriff," said the big man quickly. "Anything I can do for you, just say the word."

"Mr. Gribbon is a first mate when he works at sailin', which ain't often," the sheriff said to his deputies. "Mostly he makes his livin' in the ring."

HE spoke to Gribbon again. "How you gettin' along in the fight game, Sailor?" he inquired.

"Not so good," said Gribbon. "I'll never be better than a tough third rater with the gloves on an' a referee watchin' me. Rules cramp my style."

"Rough and tumble more to your likin'?" said the sheriff.

"Gimme my hands without gloves on 'em an' bar no blow or trick an' I'll bet my own

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

bank roll on myself against any man in the world," said the Sailor grimly.

"I'd put a little bet of my own on you if you were fightin' that way, Sailor," said the sheriff. "I'm goin' to give you a chance at a tough one tonight."

"Show him to me," said Gribbon.

"Pretty soon," said the sheriff. "Sit down."

GRIBBON took a chair by the wall and the sheriff resumed his seat at his desk.

"What's the job?" Gribbon asked.

"Fellow by the name o' Purdy," said the sheriff, rolling a fresh cigarette. "Skookum Purdy. Been a logger an' a mill hand 'round here for years. A good one, too. He got married about two years back an' took up a little ranch on the Valley Road about five miles out of town. He was a wild young hellion in a harmless sort o' way until he got married. Then he settled right down to workin' an' it looked like he was goin' to make a real good, solid, hard-workin' citizen. We all hoped so on account of his wife. She's a darn nice girl."

"Bust loose, did he?" Gribbon asked.

"Yes and no," said the sheriff hesitantly. "He played in hard luck. Part of it was hard luck, anyhow. The rest was his own bullheadedness. He was in town with his wife shoppin' one afternoon an' as he come out o' Fillmore's butcher shop there was Sam Lewis, him that runs the pool hall down by the depot, standin' on the sidewalk, drunk and cussin' his fool head off at the top of his voice. Pretty rotten, foul talk he was usin' from what I hear from some that were standin' near by.

"Well, sir, Skookum's wife was settin' there in their little old Ford right by the curb where she could not help but hear all the rotten stuff that Lewis was sayin'. Personally, I think Skookum was pretty decent about it. He stepped up to Lewis an' tapped him on the shoulder an' says, very quiet, 'Easy there, Sam. My wife can hear you.'

"I reckon Sam must o' been pretty plenty drunk, sure enough, 'cause he's a sneakin', low-down coward when he's sober an' a real coward with a spark o' sober sense left in him wouldn't have made the mistake he did.

"'Your wife!' he says to Skookum. 'Your wife, hey? Well, if she can hear me so well, let her listen to this!'

"An' with that he started to cut loose with a lot o' rotten talk, worse than what he's already been usin'.

"Skookum hauled off then an' let him have it. Folks that was standin' there say that he hit him with his open hand. Whatever he hit him with it did plenty damage to Sam's face an' knocked him stone cold for a half hour.

"Skookum didn't wait to see what become of Lewis. The minute he hit him he hopped into his Ford and drove hell-bent for home. When Lewis got his busted nose set an' counted the places where his teeth were missin' he run right up here and put a charge of assault agin Skookum. It was up to me then to go git him. I took Squint Hastings with me, an' told him that, no matter what happened, there was to be no shootin'. I knew Skookum was wild and bullheaded and I was afraid he'd make a fight of it. No matter how he took it I didn't want anything serious to happen, 'cause I knew the charge agin him was just a lot o' nonsense. I knew, too, that Skookum was workin' hard and behavin' himself and gettin' along fine with his wife, and I didn't want to do nothin' to drive him bad."

"I know," said Gribbon. "Lots of strong, bullheaded men like that get in wrong with the law on some little matter an' then get excited an' just run hog wild."

"Exactly what Skookum done!" said the sheriff. "I went out to his place and tried to talk easy with him, but there wasn't a chance. The minute he seen me and Squint comin' he squared off and says: 'I won't be took! Not alive, I won't,' he says.

"'Be sensible, Skookum,' I says to him. 'If you'll just come along with us quiet and go before Judge Gilbert the chances are you'll go scot-free. He knows Sam Lewis as well as I do. Knows what a loud-mouthed, foul-talkin' skunk he is when he's drunk, an' you'll have plenty witnesses to back you up. You won't get nothin' more than a small fine at the worst.'

"'I didn't do nothin' wrong, Skookum says, stubborn as an overloaded mule. 'I didn't do nothin' wrong an' I won't be took!'

"It was no use talkin' any longer, so I give Squint the nod and we went for him."

THE sheriff leaned back in his chair and chuckled.

"Man, oh man, what a handlin' we did get!" he exclaimed. "Why, say, he smacked us around like as if we was a couple o' week-old poodle-dog pups that hadn't got our legs stiffened out under us yet! Squint was still fightin' when I passed out, but then he was still out when I come to, so I reckon Skookum must o' pasted us just about fifty-fifty."

"What become of your man?" Gribbon asked.

"Skipped," said the sheriff. "Took to the woods and beat it over the line to British Columbia. That was three months ago and he's been workin' in a shingle mill

up there ever since. Still swears he'll never be took alive."

"Got his neck bowed about it, huh?" said Gribbon.

"That's it," said the sheriff. "He's bound he'll kill or be killed 'fore ever he comes in to answer this fool charge. An' he's got to come in an' answer it 'fore he can come on back home and start in bein' a decent citizen again. We got word that he's left up above and he's gettin' in tonight on the——"

"He's comin' back?" Gribbon exclaimed.

"On the dodge," the sheriff explained. "His wife stayed on at the ranch. He's been sendin' her money there. She had a baby about a month ago."

"Oh!" said Gribbon. "I get you. Just sneakin' back for an overnight peek at the kid, huh?"

"That's it," said the sheriff. "What I want to do is to get him without bad bloodshed, an' have him answer this fool charge an' get squared up with the law so's he can come back to his wife an' home an' baby an' walk the streets in the daytime in spite of his fool self."

"I'm on," said Gribbon. "You swear me in as a deputy an' I handle him for you. Is that it?"

Old Dad pursed his lips and blew a thin stream of smoke.

"You help handle him," he qualified Gribbon's summing up of the situation.

Gribbon flushed. "You think I can't take him by myself?" he asked.

The sheriff shrugged.

"I'll be on hand with Squint Hastings and four other deputies to help out in case you need any assistance," he said.

Gribbon laughed unpleasantly. "You don't know me," he said.

"N-no," said the sheriff. "Not too well. But then you don't know Skookum Purdy, either, so that's even up."

"Gimme my chance at him alone, first," Gribbon asked. "If I need any help I'll promise you and your deputies the swellest feed that any dump in this town can put up."

"I wish you luck," said the sheriff. "You'll need it!"

His desk phone rang. He lifted the receiver and clapped it to his ear.

"Hello," he said. "Yes, Boone speakin'. "Oh, Hello, Jim. Yes. He did, hey? I thought he would. No. Nothin' else. All right. Good night."

He put the receiver back on the hook and stood up.

"All right, boys," he said. "One of you skip across the street and get Squint. We better be movin'. That was Jim talkin'. I had him up at the Junction to watch the train. Skookum dropped off the rear coach there an' took to the brush. He's comin' over the mountain on foot just as I thought. We'll go up the valley above his ranch an' lay for him there where the trail from the Junction comes into the road."

The little pink thing in the cradle stirred and released its grasp of its father's forefinger.

II.

WITHIN ten minutes the sheriff's big touring car was humming through the outskirts of the Puget Sound town on its way up the Valley Road toward the spot two miles beyond Skookum Purdy's ranch, where the foot trail over the mountain from the Junction comes into the main highway.

It was a moonless, blowy night with a fine spit of rain now and then from the low flying clouds. On the valley road, it was deep, dungeon dark. Nearing the Purdy cabin, from the windows of which a lamp shone, the sheriff switched off his headlights. He was obliged to proceed at a snail's pace for several hundred yards, fairly feeling his way, until he was beyond sight of the ranch.

"Wonder if she knows he's comin'," one of the deputies whispered as they passed.

"Shut up," said Dad savagely, as he felt the wheels of the car creep off the road and yanked the steering wheel quickly to get them back. "I got enough trouble driving along here by guess and good luck without listenin' to your yap."

A few minutes later they arrived at the point where the trail over the mountain from the Junction came into the road. The sheriff turned the car around and jockeyed it into position so that the headlights focused full on the place where the trail and the highway met. This done, the sheriff gave his orders.

"You sit here in the front seat," he said to one of his deputies. "And' when I yell 'light' you switch the lights on and be dern quick about it. You, Gribbon, you get over in the bushes there alongside the trail. I'll lay beside you an' when I judge he's right opposite to us I'll yell 'lights' an' you go for him. The yellin' an' the lights comin' on unexpected that way ought to confuse him an' we'll have the advantage to start with."

"I don't need no advantage," said Gribbon, offended. "I can take this timber hog on even terms, I don't care how strong he is."

"I got more time to listen to what you did than what you're goin' to do," Dad said shortly. "If you can take him on even terms do it an' I'll be glad to hear all about it after it's done. The rest o' you boys lay low in the grass an' bushes along the foot of the trail there on the side towards the car. If Gribbon looks as if he needed any help, pile in and pile in hard."

"I want a fair chance at him alone," Gribbon persisted.

"You'll get it," said the sheriff shortly.

The men hurriedly took the positions the sheriff had assigned them. The sheriff himself lay down in the high grass alongside Gribbon.

"Off with them lights," he said. And then when it was dead dark: "No more talkin' now. Skookum can travel fast on the trail when he wants to and he'll prob'ly be movin' swift tonight. I don't want to take any chance o' losin' him. Everybody dead quiet now till I yell 'lights!'"

Ten minutes went by, twenty, a half hour, with no sound but the weird voices of the wet wind through the tall tree tops.

Then the crunch of a boot on a rocky spot in the trail, and the hidden men grew tense. Shortly, then, the clearly heard steps of a heav-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

ily shod man walking swiftly, surefootedly, along the narrow way through the dark forest. He was almost upon them. They could plainly hear his heavy, regular breathing. He was at the spot where the trail joined the road.

"Lights!"

The sheriff fairly screamed his signal.

The man seated in the car turned the switch and in the sudden blinding radiance that followed Skookum Bill Purdy stood revealed, a tall, blue-eyed, blond man, dressed in heavy logger's boots, belted overalls, a mackinaw shirt, and a crumpled, old, soft felt hat.

He stood for an instant, frozen in the midst of his stride, one foot lifted from the ground, staring, stunned, into the glare of light. In that instant Sailor Gribbon leaped from his place of concealment and struck Skookum back of the ear with a sweeping right hand swing.

Skookum went down as though he had been struck in the head with a hard swung sledge hammer. With a grunt of satisfaction, Gribbon leaped for the prone man to make sure of his job. The grunt of satisfaction was followed by a yelp of pained surprise as Gribbon lit on his fallen foe. He had expected to straddle a momentarily senseless man. He lit instead on a furiously fighting two hundred and ten pounds of bone and muscle.

Gribbon was something of a bully, and no clause in the sportsman's code interfered with him when he fought. But, bully though he was, he was no coward, and as he realized that he was locked with a fighting man who could test him to the full he settled to his work with a grim, keen passion of pleasure.

LOCKED together, breast to breast, their heads buried close in each other's necks, they rolled over and over in the road, fighting furiously with knees and feet, getting in short, vicious jabs to the body with elbows and fists.

The sheriff and his deputies were on their feet now, ringed about the fighters, excitedly shouting unintelligible advice. For the space of three-quarters of a minute the two men fought thus, rolling in the road like scrapping cats, with no advantage on either side.

Then, suddenly, Gribbon felt the grip of his antagonist grow stronger. It was a bone crunching, muscle-numbing grip, the like of which he had never before felt. As it tortured him with a rapidly increasing power, he realized that Skookum had actually been badly stunned when first they locked in combat, and that his full strength was returning to him.

And with that full strength Gribbon could not cope! He knew this in a flash, and the knowledge sent a thrill of horror through him. Unless he could disable his man quickly by a foul trick, he would soon be helpless.

With one final furious, convulsive effort he partially wrenched his right hand free and reached desperately for his antagonist's face. Once let him get his thick thumb in Skookum's eye. Superior strength didn't count when once that thumb sank into the socket.

But the trick was evidently no novelty to the man he was fighting. Gribbon's right wrist was gripped suddenly and yanked down, and a hoarse voice breathed into his ear, "Oh, you would, would you? You dirty louse! Take this!"

A sudden bone cracking squeeze of arms locked about his body and the crunch of a powerful knee thrust fearfully into the yielding flesh just below his breastbone; a hoarse, explosive gasp as his breath escaped, and Gribbon lay limp and helpless in the road.

AS Skookum rose on one knee above Gribbon's limp form he saw and ducked the blow that Squint Hastings aimed at his head with the butt of his revolver. A sweeping, upward, right-hand blow to the pit of the stomach, and Hastings was accounted for.

"You, Eddie!" the sheriff yelled shrilly at the man he had left in the car to turn on the lights. "Lend a hand here, quick!"

Then he dived desperately for Skookum's legs as the other deputies closed in.

Skookum went down without a struggle, but, once on the ground, he worked fearful havoc. He fought with fists, knees, feet, elbows, and head. He fought with his knees drawn high and his chin thrust down until he was curled into a sort of destructive ball. And he fought always for the body, aiming at the vulnerable spot under the breast-bone.

Curses, groans, grunts, yelps of pain went up as the knot of struggling men thrashed about the road, arms and legs flying out from the center of the mêlée that was Skookum, so that they looked in the glare from the headlights like some insane land-going octopus throwing a fit.

One of the deputies, already badly punished about the body, took a flying boot toe behind the ear, and joined Gribbon and Squint in the ranks of temporary noncombatants. Another got a full swung fist in the pit of the stomach, and rolled away to groan and writhe alone on the grass by the roadside.

Suddenly Skookum wrenched loose and surged to his feet. He reached down, grabbed a weakened and dizzy foe by the feet, toppled him full length in front of him on the road, and suddenly swung him about his head.

The sheriff, resting on one knee, dazed and confused, caught the

back of the flying man's head full on the jaw as he came around, and they dropped together.

The deputy who had remained in the car to switch on the lights was advancing somewhat timidly toward Skookum with a spark. plug wrench in his hand. Skookum started toward him. The deputy took note that he was the one remaining member of the posse still erect, dropped his wrench, and ran.

Skookum's way was clear. He leaped for the car, jumped into the front seat, socked the gear into low, and jammed the starter down.

The car shot forward. The sheriff, just returning to consciousness, raised on one elbow and called out huskily, "Stop him! Stop him!"

Skookum put her in second, stepped on the gas, and looked back. "You'll never get me," he shouted tauntingly. "I won't be took. Not alive, I won't." The gears went into high, and the car fairly flew down the road, leaving those behind in utter darkness.

The dark was split by six flashes of flame in quick succession.

"Who done that shootin'?" came the weak voice of Squint Hastings. "You heard what Dad said about usin' a gun on him!"

"I done that shootin', you whimperin' lunkhead!" came the angry reply in the sheriff's voice. "Dang poor job I made of it, too, judging by the way that car's travelin'!"

"You told *us* not to shoot," Squint said aggrievedly.

"The more fool I," said the sheriff testily. "I'm plumb tired o' tryin' to mollycoddle that two-legged wild tiger. If he won't be took alive I'll take him dead!"

"I told you!" Squint groaned. "I told you to leave me crack down on him with my gun."

"SHUT up, you croakin' idiot!" said the sheriff angrily. "I've been a dang fool, but there ain't nobody but me goin' to say so 'round where I can hear. Where's the rest of the boys? Anybody bad hurt?"

"I think some o' my ribs are broke," said a strange, husky voice, with a sincere ring of agony in it.

"That you, Gribbon?" said the sheriff, almost cheerfully.

"Yes," said Gribbon, groaning.

"You were a lot o' help," said the sheriff. "You done fine. Sorry we had to butt in before you finished him up. Only trouble with you is you hadn't ought to go off to sleep durin' workin' hours."

"My God!" said Gribbon. "I never see no such man before."

"No?" said the sheriff. "Been a nice night for you all around, ain't it? You see a kind of a man you never see before, and I reckon maybe you got yourself a lickin' that's kind of a novelty to you, ain't it?"

He raised his voice and called out loudly:

"Gather 'round me here, all you two-legged jellyfish that ain't too squashed to move. We're goin' to hike, and hike quick. Eddie, where are you? Why didn't you get out o' that car an' lend a hand when I told you to?"

"I did," said a voice from far up the road. "I was lookin' for somethin' to hit him with, and for a minute I couldn't find it."

The sheriff snorted. "I got somethin' to hit him with that'll stop his strong-man foolishness!" he said, savagely. "If he thinks I'm goin' to lay off pullin' a trigger on him any longer he's got a bigger surprise comin' to him than Gribbon got. Come on boys, let's go!"

"I don't know if I can walk," said Gribbon, weakly.

"Get on your feet and find out," said the sheriff, shortly. "If you can't walk you're goin' to be mighty lonesome here for a few hours, 'cause me an' my boys, we got business to 'tend to."

Slowly and painfully the bruised and battered posse limped down the road through the dark.

"We'll stop at the cabin an' give a look," said the sheriff. "I don't suppose he'll be there, but if he is an' won't stand when he's told to, I'll let him have it."

"He won't be at his cabin," said Squint disgustedly. "Why would he wait there for us to come an' get him?"

"Maybe he thinks we don't want him," said the sheriff sourly. "Couldn't blame him much the way some o' you acted when you had hold of him. I bet Eddie here hurt his feelin's, the unfriendly way he acted! You ought to be more sociable with folks, Eddie. You're goin' to have a lot o' time on your hands to be friendly after tonight, far as I'm concerned. You may be good for somethin' in this world, but you certainly ain't no use to a sheriff out on business."

AS they limped around the bend in the road that gave them a view of the Purdy cabin they saw that a light was still shining from the window.

"He ain't there," said Squint. "Would they have a light lit to guide us if he was?"

"I don't know," said the sheriff. "I don't know nothin' about that big stick o' human dynamite except that I'm going to look for him till I find him and shoot him if he so much as winks one eye when I tell him to wink the other! Easy now! Don't make no more noise than you have to. You, Squint, work around to the back of the house with a couple o' the boys and I'll take the front."

Carefully they crept up through the thick wet growth. The sheriff skulked up to a window and peeked in. His heart beat hard as he saw Skookum sitting in a chair with his back turned to the door.

"Git your gun out and stand here by the window," he whispered to one of his deputies. "If Skookum shows fight after I knock on the door let drive at him. No more foolishness!"

The sheriff found his way back to the door then and knocked suddenly, hard.

"Open up in there!" he demanded loudly. "We got you covered, Skookum, an' no foolin' goes! We'll shoot if you try any funny business an' shoot to kill!"

After a minute the door was opened, not by Skookum, but by his wife. The sheriff looked quickly past her and saw Skookum still sitting with his back to the door.

"Come in, sheriff," Skookum's wife said in a half whisper. "Don't be afraid. It's all right."

The sheriff stepped past her, wondering, cautious, his gun held ready in his right hand. Skookum turned his head and looked at the sheriff over his shoulder. His face was bloody and bruised, but he was grinning and there was no trace of anger or defiance in his expression.

"I'll be with you in just a minute, sheriff," he said in the same half whisper his wife had used. "Come in an' give a look, will you?"

THE sheriff tiptoed across the room and looked over Skookum's shoulder. The month-old baby lay sleeping peacefully in its cradle, one wee, pink hand clasped about Skookum's thick forefinger.

"Just a minute till he lets go," Skookum pleaded. "I don't want to wake him. Nice lookin' kid, ain't he?"

"Well, I'll be darned!" said the sheriff.

"I don't want no more trouble," Skookum went on. "I'll go with you and take whatever's comin' to me. I want to get square so's I can stay home an' take care of the kid. Will I have to go to jail for long?"

"You ought to get life!" said the sheriff gruffly. "I reckon I could put charges of resistin' arrest agin you an' make it tough—but I won't. You come on in with me now and answer that old assault charge in the mornin' an' I reckon that'll be all. You'll probably get a small fine out of it."

"I'll take whatever's comin' to me," said the tamed giant submissively.

The little pink thing in the cradle stirred and released its grasp of its father's forefinger.

Skookum rose and took down his hat.

"All right, sheriff," he said happily. "I'm ready now."

Skookum kissed his wife and murmured something in her ear.

"I'll be back just as soon as I get squared up, honey," he said aloud then, gently.

He followed the sheriff out into the night.

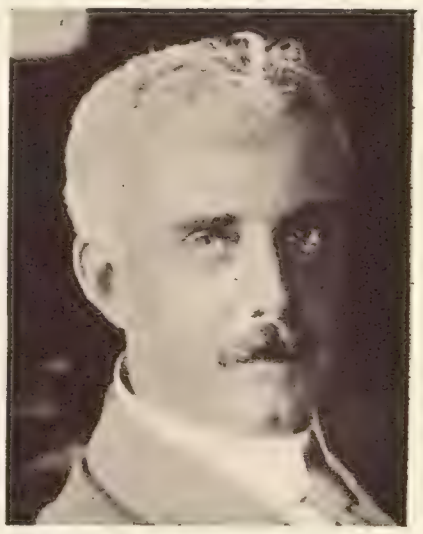
"The car's right down here alongside the road in front o' the house," he said. "Just follow me."

The sheriff followed, marveling, while the wife held a light in the door to aid them and the wondering posse trailed on behind.

"Pretty little baby, ain't he?" said Skookum happily. "An' the way he hung on to my finger! You wouldn't believe it! Gosh. He's strong."

THE END

A Strange Story of the
UNDERWORLD



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—of Adolphe, the Disguiser, and the man he found in Diamond Mike's old Dead House. A story of the double life of a dead man—a faked dead man—and the woman for whom he gave up his life.

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Now before we start the day's work, let us digest our breakfast, sweeten the mouth, soothe the throat and cleanse the teeth with WRIGLEY'S—It will help to start the day right, and a good start is half the battle.

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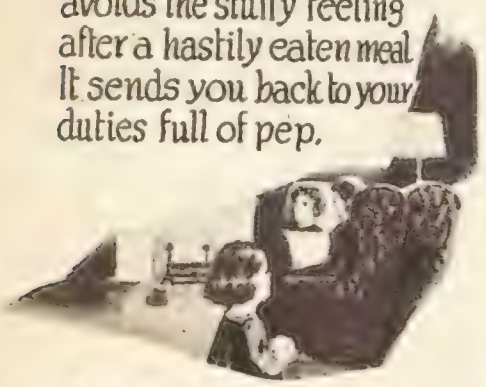
In the middle of the day when possibly time is limited and we may eat too fast, then is when WRIGLEY'S is of greatest help. It makes your food do you more good. It avoids the stuffy feeling after a hastily eaten meal. It sends you back to your duties full of pep.



After Dinner

In the evening, around the lamp, after dinner, with games and books, or Before going out to the theater, let WRIGLEY'S sweeten the mouth, remove the odors of food and help your stomach in its work.

"After Every Meal"

F38

WRIGLEY'S

VARIETIES

HOW TO AVOID A FIGHT

Probably the greatest argument for preparedness offered in the world is in Mac Levy's gymnasium in New York City. Every afternoon from two hundred to three hundred boxers, mostly professionals, train there. In the throng, working on the crowded floor, taking turns at punching bags, medicine balls, and in the rings, are a score of champions, near champions, and would-be champions. Yet that busy place is the most difficult place in the world in which to start a real fight.

The amazing fact is the good nature, the consideration, and the self-control of these trained fighters. Not once a month will one hear a cross word, a threat, or a quarrel among those men. There are frequent occasions for disputes, or even fights. Often one boxer interferes with another, gets out of turn in using apparatus, jumps into the ring ahead of the man who has been waiting. Put two hundred men from ordinary life under similar conditions and with the same potential irritants, and very likely there would be a hundred scraps a day.

The attendants say that, throughout the gymnasium's existence, there never has been a blow struck outside of the practice ring except in jest. And no matter how rude the jest it does not result in resentment or in fights.

John O'Neill, veteran manager of boxers, remarked, watching the crowd boxing:

"I have been around boxers for twenty-five years and I never yet have seen a fight in this place except in the ring, in which boxers were engaged against each other."

The conclusion appears to be that a man who can fight, and who knows he can fight and is prepared, commands the respectful consideration of others, and, knowing his own strength, does not abuse it. H. F.

"HI, JACK!"

An interesting explanation of the origin of the terms "hijacker" and "hijacking" is given by officials of the Chicago prohibition office. A hijacker is a pirate who preys on bootleggers.

According to the Chicago prohibition office, the name originated from the methods pursued by motorcycle policemen in overtaking speeding automobilists.

After following the delinquent auto driver for several blocks, it was a custom of the motorcycle officer to draw up beside him, exclaiming, "Hi (or hey) Jack! What's your hurry?"

At the same time, the officer would indicate that the motorist should draw up at the curb until he could write an arrest slip.

A booze pirate overtaking a rum runner in charge of a load nowadays races up beside and customarily says, "Hi, Jack, where are you going with that load? Stick 'em up and get off'n there, before I blow your can off."

Thus in the rum-running profession, hijackers became known by the manner of their salutation.

THE INVITERS

By Guy Lee

"You must come around
To our dear little flat!"
How often that sound
Has bounced off of my hat;
But I've yet to envision
That peach of a den;
They're shy on decision—
They never say when.

They invite you to tea,
Or they ask you to go
On a lid-lifting spree,
To a party or show;
It listens all hunk
But again and again
It proves to be bunk,
For they never say when.

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

She Found a Plush Worm

Three-year-old Florence was out on the lawn with her mother when she suddenly dropped down on her knees and called excitedly:

"Oh, mamma! Come and see what I found. It's a cute little plush worm."

She had found a caterpillar.—B. H., Des Moines, Ia.

* * *

That Would Be Queer!

Margaret and Ruth were talking about their respective parents' ages, when I overheard this:

Margaret—Well, I know my papa is older than my mamma.

Ruth (not to be beaten)—Well, mine isn't. They're the same age because mine are twins.—Mrs. A. S., Cavalier, N. D.

She Had Chicken Coops

Little Edna had been sick with chicken pox. Soon after recovering from the disease she was visiting her aunt and was asked how she and all of her folks were feeling.

"Oh," she said, "g'andma has a cough, Aunt Kate has a cough, and, oh, Auntie, I had the chicken coops."—Mrs. F. R., McGregor, Ia.

* * *

Unique Bath Brush

Genevieve had always lived in the city and was not familiar with horses. One day while out with her nurse she saw one switching his tail in an attempt to keep the flies off of his back. "Oh, wait, Nursie," she begged. "I want to see him wash his back with his brush."—E. E. L., Indianapolis, Ind.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 35

Do you look as young as your husband

WHY is it that so many men look younger than women of the same age? Some specialists believe that the enforced cleansing of the daily shave keeps a man's skin healthier and more youthful than the average woman's.

Most women lead busy lives but no woman is too busy to spend ten minutes a day in the proper cleansing of her skin. Ten minutes is all that the daily use of Resinol Soap requires to thoroughly cleanse the skin and preserve a youthful complexion.

Used each night before retiring, the absolute purity of Resinol Soap offers to the sensitive skin a nonirritant cleanser, which refines its texture and rids the pores of impurities, imparting a velvety softness and pleasing clearness. It has no heavy perfume—which is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality — but possesses a mild, healthy fragrance.

For blotches, roughness, etc., try a touch of Resinol. This soothing, healing ointment is not only successful in clearing up facial blemishes, but it has been prescribed by doctors for years in the treatment of more serious itching, burning skin disorders. Keep a jar on hand. All druggists sell it.

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Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

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The Whispering Gallery and Its Echoes

Eighth Article of the Series

The WOODROW WILSON *I Knew*

By MARY ALLEN HULBERT

THE True Story of the Mysterious "Mrs. Peck's" Long Friendship with the War President, as Written by Herself to Silence the Whispering of Tongues.

The two ladies who had Washington whispering: Mrs. Mary Allen Hulbert, at the left; Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, at the right.

IN THE preceding installments Mrs. Hulbert has given to the readers of Liberty a new insight into the War President—a man of strange character with unconventional views in many respects. As his close friend, Mrs. Hulbert, who was Mrs. Mary Allen Peck during the early period of her friendship with President Wilson, enjoyed his confidence to a remarkable degree. In his conversation with Mrs. Hulbert, the late President was wont to express himself freely, divesting himself of his official dignity and reserve, and becoming Wilson, the man.

Through the force of circumstances over which she had no control, Mrs. Hulbert, the close friend of the then President, paid dearly for her friendship. From enjoying the privileges of a member of the Wilson family, Mrs. Hulbert became an object of espionage on the part of secret service operatives—at whose orders she never learned.

FOR a man who held so stoutly to singleness of purpose, I doubt whether American politics has ever contained a more paradoxical mind than Woodrow Wilson's. This is, of course, attributable to his lack of sophistication at the outset. He entered politics firmly convinced that he had something new to offer the world when, as a matter of fact, he was merely offering something that the selfish, professional politician has combated throughout history.

There was a naive quality to his early program as he outlined it to me. An upright man, he believed men upright.

"Congress is made up of thinking men," he gravely told me so often before he won political place. "They want the country to succeed just as I do. They wish to serve effectively and intelligently, just as I do."

This young-man faith in the country's lawmakers persisted in Woodrow Wilson's mind even in his governorship of New Jersey when it was his custom often to run in upon my mother and me while we were in New York.

"Congress believes that I am an honest man," he announced one evening with an enthusiastic elation. He had been told by men he had faith in that his chances of being the country's next President were good and that he was the man to lead his party back to power. "The country," he said, "has decided that I have no personal purpose of my own to serve except that 'if it be

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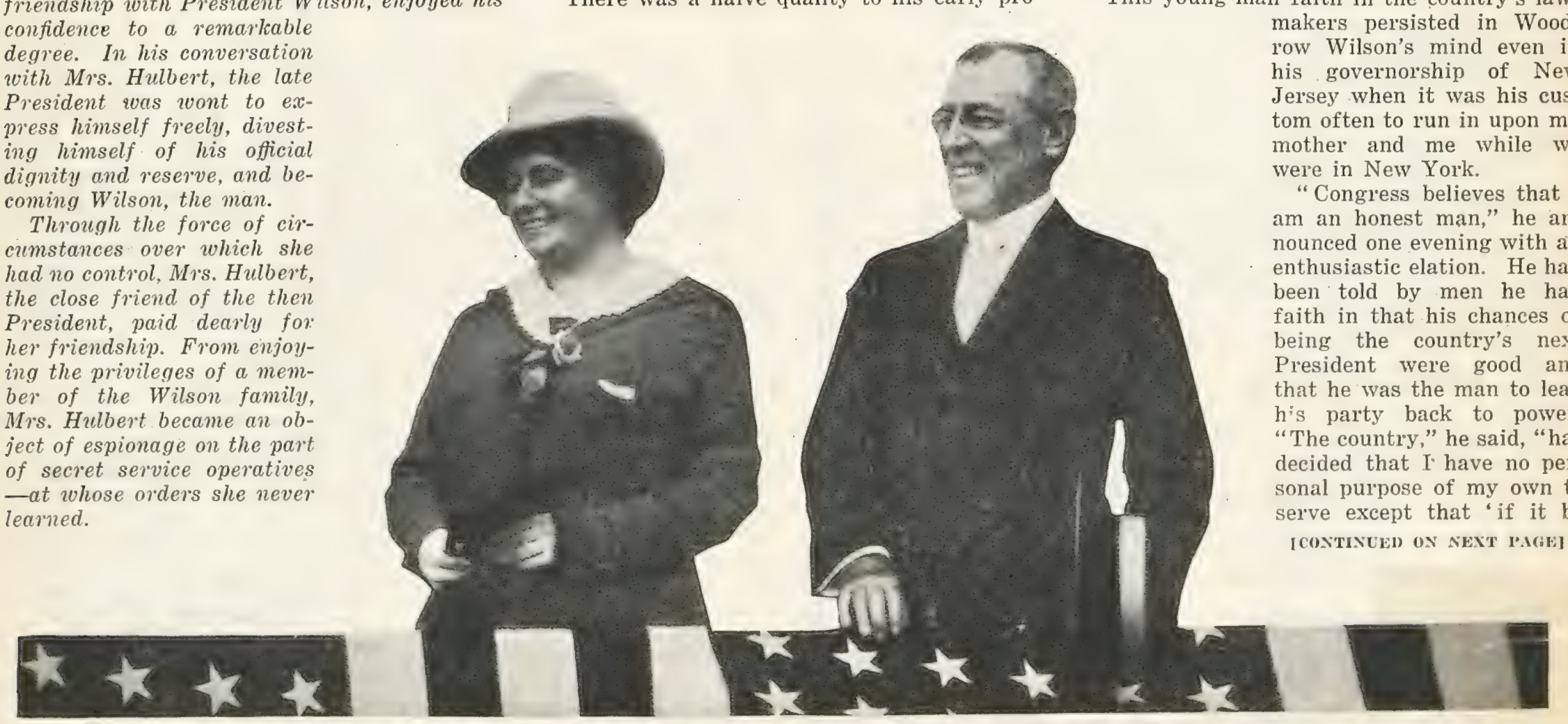

President Wilson and Mrs. Galt in the President's box at a ball game, a few months before their marriage.

See him through

. . . *through coupons*

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending soul alive.'"

How he changed in a few months! Or did he? At any rate, I have told how he began to shy at impending honors and disavow a desire to be President. But in those early days of our association he was entirely at the service of his ideals, and disillusionment had not set in. Possibly his later repudiation of ambition for personal honors was a form of coyness which I had never observed in him. At any rate, my diary has him assuring me that "the country is willing to accept my guidance because it realizes that I am attempting only to mediate the people's own thoughts and purposes."

"Alas, though," he mourned in the dawn of his political career, "I do not know how to wield a big stick, but I do know how to put my mind at the service of others for the accomplishing of a common purpose."

It was about that time that, one day, I asked him whether he were not trusting too implicitly in his own powers.

"As I have heard men talk," I said, "I am struck by the obvious fact that politics is tainted with jealousies. Men hate a man who does not take them into his confidences. No man can afford to forget that no matter what his stature he cannot assume that he is greater than all others. Even Moses was hated by his people at times."

THIS seemed to amuse him because he laughed quietly and told me that one of the joys of talking to a "real friend" was that the latter was certain to understand.

"You, for example, Mary," he told me, "will know just how I accomplish anything I do accomplish. What a pleasure it is to work with strong men, as I shall —men who do their own thinking and know how to put their affairs and the country's in shape!

"Why a man should wish to be the whole show and surround himself with weak men, I can't imagine," he went on. I have since thought so often of that statement. "How dull it would be, Mary! How tiresome to watch a plot in which you yourself were the only actor!"

He then devoted himself to the subject of power—how it should be used and how easily it could be abused. I was moved to ask him what his definition of power was. And his answer, set down with unusual neatness in my battered diary, reads:

"Power consists in one's capacity to link his will with the purpose of others; to lead by reason and a gift for coöperation."

Let his enemies ponder that.

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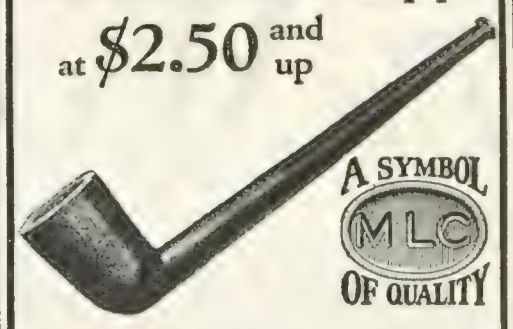

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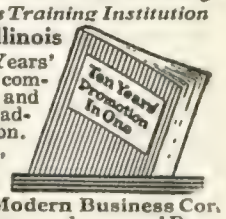

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Paradoxical is the least of the adjectives they will summon. But he believed that "a foolish consistency was the hobgoblin of little minds," and acted accordingly.

In point, I recall what he said to me when I was at the White House on Memorial Day in 1915. There was about him, as he spoke, the puzzled air of a small boy who is being threatened with punishment and does not understand why. Gradually the man was suffering the hardships of all crusaders. He spoke of the struggle he was having with Congress. No longer was Congress "made up of thinking men."

"But," he said in a troubled tone, "why there should be this struggle between us is hard to say. Just why should public men—Senators of the United States, for example—have to be led and stimulated to what all the country knows to be their duty? Just why should they see less clearly the straight path of duty?

"To whom are these members of Congress listening? Certainly not to the voice of the people when they quibble, twist, and hesitate like this. They have strangely blunted perceptions. They exaggerate themselves in a most extraordinary degree."

IT was on that day that Woodrow made an address at Arlington. Before going to the cemetery we—Miss Helen Bones (his cousin), Miss Margaret Wilson, and I—motored over to the McAdoos to see the new baby, their first-born. Then to Arlington where our party sat in solemn array on the platform behind Woodrow to be photographed. The photographs must have convened editorial councils because, on the following morning, all of the picture save that of the President himself had been carefully cut away. And what diplomacy! Lest there be offense given anyone, all the women in the picture were banished. What comfort to have a virtuous press!

"What a day for Washington," sighed one of the newspaper correspondents later. "What a day. And how the dear, devoted heads of the ladies will ache tonight!"

"Why?" I demanded.

"Even now," he said, "I think I can hear the humming of the tongues of Washington, and you are the cause. First, the girls at the White House drive out with Mrs. Hulbert. Later, they are motoring with Mrs. Galt. One hour it is you; the next it is she. Can't you hear Washington whispering: 'Which will it be? Which will it be?'"

The urge to tell him, ironic though his vein was, that I was not a candidate was strong, but I resisted it. But the fact remains that I was not. There was no real reason, you know, why those who found mental refreshment in mouthing the weird tales of Woodrow Wilson and "that dreadful creature, Mrs. Peck," should have balked at the story which had it that my real object in maintaining friendship for him was to lead him, willy-nilly, to the altar. And, to be sure, they didn't. It would have profited nothing to have met the tales with loud protests. To have done so would have been to deprive the populace of its then favorite after-dinner pastime, and one may not lightly trifle with such diversions.

But by no power of reasoning could Woodrow Wilson and Mary Hulbert have been mated. This was so apparent to both of us that, save once, when we discussed it as impersonally as such a matter might be treated, it was never a subject of our conversation.

His sense of order, his insistence upon correctness in the most minute things—one's English (although he could mix a metaphor with the best of them), one's raiment, the lay of a rug, the position of a clock or a vase or a table—was warranted to drive certain temperaments to the verge of consideration of brutal murder.

For example, if I should lay down my glasses with the convex side of the lenses touching the table or chair arm, he would leave off what he might be doing and primly come over and turn them so that the nose clasp and the outer edge of the lens rims were downward.

"Why that?" I asked on one of the numerous occasions he did this.

SOME PRECEPTS

"Power consists in one's capacity to link his will with the purpose of others; to lead by reason and a gift for coöperation."

"Alas, I do not know how to wield a big stick, but I do know how to put my mind at the service of others for the accomplishing of a common purpose."

"How dull it would be to watch a plot in which you yourself were the only actor!"

"What bores harmless people can be sometimes! The dangerous men are much more companionable."

"If one could only put one's heel on the vipers that write these slanderous, malignant, lying paragraphs and grind their heads into the slime they love!"

By Woodrow Wilson

"It is the proper way," he remonstrated. "This way, the lenses will not be scratched."

Another time, as I was walking across a room with him, my toe turned up the corner of a rug. Looking back, he saw the upturned corner of the rug. He left me and with somewhat painful precision laid flat the disturned rug corner. I am not the sort of woman given to temperamental outbursts. Tantrums, thank God, have seldom afflicted me. Yet I should perhaps have screamed had such meticulousness followed me all the days of my life.

UNHAPPILY, I do not remember what brought up the question on the only occasion we discussed, even so impersonally, the business of marriage; but I do recall that I rather shocked him with:

"But you describe a doormat wife. Surely, you can't admire that kind. I, for one, would not be a wife of that sort."

He softened the dictatorial tone he had been using when he replied:

"Ah, my dear lady, I am sure if you were my wife you would be very pleased to do anything I should wish."

There probably never was a man so unable to lend himself to intrigue, or one so slow to appreciate the elements of intrigue. Of course, this in him bespoke his clean mind, his lack of appreciation for the secret *liaison*. So far as I know, he met Thomas D. Peck but twice. The second meeting I cannot recall without a wild desire to give vent to loud, unladylike laughter. Poor Woodrow, how tragic his face was on that occasion!

The first time he met Mr. Peck was at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, whither he and Mrs. Wilson came to visit us in the summer of 1908. I think I have told you in an earlier installment how he was captured by the Wednesday Morning Club and made to speak to the members, and how immeasurably he was shocked by one of the women, who, after dinner, did the Spanish cigarette maker's dance.

Mr. Peck and Doctor Wilson were not only cordial but apparently sincerely interesting to each other. When the Wilsons left Pittsfield I was careless enough to feel sorry and let tears well into my eyes. Mr. Peck did not think that such signs of emotion were at all necessary, and he laughingly called attention to them.

"What do you think of a woman who weeps when a man other than her husband leaves?" he mocked that night at dinner.

But the second time the two men met it was I who saw the humor. It was my turn to laugh at both of them.

I WAS in Bermuda. One of my two stepdaughters had fallen ill in Pittsfield, and there came to me a cable stating that she was dying. I was not asked to come home, but home, nevertheless, I flew. I may have explained some time back that both the girls were very dear to me, and that they, in turn, had regarded me as mother. It was but a natural feeling, inasmuch as I had been all but their actual mother for sixteen years.

I caught the next steamer for New York. Assuming, of course, that Mr. Peck would be at his daughter's bedside, and rather dreading the receipt of bad news when the boat should dock in New York, I had cabled to Woodrow Wilson to meet me at the pier.

He did, poor man! So, too, to my utter amazement, did Mr. Peck. There they stood, each somewhat diffidently explaining his presence and finding it difficult. It was not until afterward that the humor of the situation dawned upon me, that being the customary way of such things. My chief concern was for the girl.

"How is she?" I asked Mr. Peck.

"Better," he said.

"I am so glad. I thought, of course, that you would be at her bedside, and I cabled Doctor Wilson to help me past the customs and be here if anything had gone wrong."

"No; Harriet is much better. And, now that Doctor Wilson is here, he can take you to the hotel while I take advantage of the chance to run over to our New York offices. Do you *mind*, Doctor Wilson?"

Of course he didn't mind, but oh, the man looked perplexed. He sensed, rather than knew, that here we had the making of a perfect misunderstanding, and it had rendered him quite inarticulate. But with great dignity and ceremony he bowed me into a cab, and together we rode to the Manhattan Hotel—he primly quiet and I quiet, too, but having hard work repressing the laugh which I knew would have wounded him deeply.

"Just what is it all about?" he said finally. "I got your cable, of course, and here I am, but

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A KISS IN THE DARK
with Adolphe Menjou and Lillian Rich
Directed by Frank Tuttle

I'LL TELL the WORLD
starring Richard Dix
Directed by Paul Sloane

FLAMING WRATH
with Ernest Torrence
Irvin Willat Production

George Melford Production
THE TOP OF THE WORLD
Anna Q. Nilsson, James Kirkwood, Raymond Hatton, Sheldon Lewis

Zane Grey's
CODE OF THE WEST
with Constance Bennett, Owen Moore, Mabel Ballin, Chas. Ogle
Directed by William Howard

Raoul Walsh Production
THE SPANIARD
with Ricardo Cortez and Jetta Goudal

Zane Grey's
The THUNDERING HERD
with Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton
Directed by William Howard

Alan Crosland Production
MOON FLOWER
starring Betty Compson

The CHARMER
starring Pola Negri
Herbert Brenon Production

MADAME SANS GENE
starring GLORIA SWANSON

MAN AND THE LAW
starring THOMAS MEIGHAN

Dimitri Buchowetzki Production
THE SWAN
with Adolphe Menjou, Ricardo Cortez, Frances Howard

The CROWDED HOUR
starring Bebe Daniels

Victor Fleming Production
The DEVIL'S CARGO
with Pauline Starke, Wallace Beery, Claire Adams and Wm. Collier, Jr.

Victor Fleming Production
ADVENTURE
By Jack London
with Tom Moore and Pauline Starke

Clarence Badger Production
THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL
with Betty Bronson

Alan Crosland Production
CONTRABAND
with Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton, Raymond McKee

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CRASH! *By Westbrook Pegler*

"Note for Kingston," he exclaimed, brushing past the man.

The Diverting Story of Two Gentlemen of Nimble Wit and Ingenuity, Who Shine at Every Prize Fight, Theatrical Premiere, and Other Event of Moment, Yet Never Were Known to Buy a Ticket

Pictures by
TONY SARG

THE matchmaker of Madison Square Garden was very busy indeed with the last few thousand details of a world championship fight which was only five hours away. Ringside tickets were nominally twenty-five dollars but were held at twice that price on the open curb. So, taking one consideration with another, Tammany Young couldn't have chosen a less propitious moment to pop his head into the office and ask:

"Got a spare ticket for tonight?"

"Be absent," was the matchmaker's laconic adjuration. "Pardon the glove; so glad you called; good-by."

That made it reasonably certain that Tammany Young would be somewhere in the ringside rows before Jack Dempsey skipped up the steps to his corner with a murky scowl on his cocoa buttered whiskers to have his left ear hammered into a sanguinary shapelessness by the late Bill Brennan in the first round.

As Joe Humphries, the announcer, singer of praises, whose blatant encomiums are for hire, rose to the ecstasy of his peroration about the fighters in a voice that rasped like clashing gears in the mills of the gods, one of the men in the press row turned half around in his chair and scanned the crowd. Then he faced back to his little typewriter and pecked out:

"Ad fite, running—Just before the bell Tammany Young crashed down to the front row, where seats were cheap at fifty dollars, and democratically wedged himself in between two millionaires. Mr. Young now claims the gate-crashing championship of the world at all weights and prices, inasmuch as his nearest rival, Mr. One-Eyed Connelly was not apparent on this stupendous occasion."

Would it be invading a trade secret to inquire of Mr. Young how he entered Madison Square Garden in the first place and how he got down to the ringside? It would not. Mr. Young says he never employs the same stall twice.

"I crash," he explains. "I'm mixed up in that crowd out in Madison Avenue, and the dinnies are givin' ev'body the run. First they run us this way and then they lam us that way, and it's only a question of time till they run me, personally, past the door.

"'OO—OO!' I yell, 'they're squashin' me,' and I sag into the lobby at last. Then I grab my cap off and start my work. Nine times out of ten at a show, if you're bareheaded, everybody'll take you for one of the help, and this was one of those times. The ushers were all moving around through the lobby yelling to the crowd that they should 'Tear off the stubs of your tickets, men, an' drop 'em in the box; tear 'em off, men, an' pass right on through an' don't block the gangway.'

"I always aim to be helpful," Mr. Young further relates. "So I yell, too. After a while I drift up to one of the gates and lean on the rail, yelling, 'Tear 'em off, men, an' drop 'em in the box.'

"'Well,' I say to the ticket fellow after a bit, 'I guess I'll go in and take care of the customers in my aisle,' and with that I'm in."

"But the crash down to the ringside; how did you do that?"

"Oh, I seen a couple o' rich guys goin' through the ringside entrance, so I just joined up with them and walked down, too. All it takes is nerve. Once you get started, keep on goin'. Never hesitate. I timed my entrance right. The champ is just coming in from the dressing room; the cops are shoving everybody around; people are dumping into seats wherever they happen to be so they won't block the view. I drop myself between these two guys. They don't like it at first, but I tell 'em somebody's got my seat and do they mind lettin' me stick where I am? Certainly not; they're sports or they wouldn't be there.

"It's easy if you keep your head up. Heads up and smile. It'll take you lots of places."

Although Mr. Young is inclined to look with scorn on the methods and achievements of One-Eyed Connelly, it appears that the only difference between them in what might be termed the professional way is a difference of technique. Mr. Young is subtle; Mr. Connelly crude. Mr. Young is a white collar operator, and although there are times when he is barely solvent, if at all, he must have his shine every morning.

Mr. Connelly is committed to a brown flannel shirt, a dejected gray cap which lops over his left ear, and baggy trousers and jacket. He usually carries an old cigar box, known to his intimates in the fight profession as One-Eyed Connelly's trunk, which is reputed to contain a piece of soap, a comb, and other indispensables of a gentleman's toilet, although to what purpose we do not know.

"CONNELLY is a bum," Mr. Young insists. "I been everywhere, and I never been off the cushions. Connelly rides the rods or the blinds, or crawls into the battery box under a Pullman. Any bum can do that.

"I feel sorry for him. I'm always helpin' him. Out at Toledo when Dempsey was fightin' Willard and I was makin' myself useful to the fight writers at the ringside he comes around to me an' says, 'Tam, I don't

hold a dime an' I hear they're goin' to lag us all for bums if we ain't out of town tomorra morning.' So I get him a bucket an' a tin cup, I slice up a couple of lemons, fill the bucket up with ice water, and send him around the ring givin' free lemonade to the writers. When they've all had a drink I empty out what's left in the bucket and toss two half dollars in.

"'Now hustle yourself a stake,' I tell him. 'Go to every writer at the ringside an' jangle the pail at him. If anyone throws in less than four bits give him back twice as much to show you're no two-bit guy.'

"One-Eye made quite a piece out of that," said Mr. Young.

Tammany has the gift of being able to put distinguished people at their ease in his company.

Four famous writers were standing in the packed aisle of a Pennsylvania train one autumn morning, scooting down to Princeton, New Jersey, to a Princeton-Harvard football game, the tickets for which were held slightly higher than Liberty bonds. They became aware that Mr. Young was in their midst. When the conductor came through, all gave him their tickets except Tammany, who explained, "You got mine up in the forward car."

At Princeton, the writers went to the office of Bill Roper, the coach, and Tammany Young was with them. He told Mr. Roper how well pleased he had been with Princeton's work that season and received a side line badge. Through an open door, he saw the varsity squad at lunch. He joined them. After the game he stationed himself beside a big automobile which bore a New York license and waited for the owner to come out. The man wore the crimson of Harvard, the defeated team.

"Brother," said Tam, "I bet on our boys. What about a mild lift back to New York?"

ANOTHER year, when Princeton was playing Harvard at Cambridge, Massachusetts, Tammany boarded a special all-Pullman football train at midnight, carrying a hand bag. In the washroom he exchanged his shirt for a pajama jacket. Then he dropped the hand bag beneath the nearest lower berth and went back to the club car where he joined a circle of writers, actors, and Broadway sports. A card game was under way.

When the conductors came through they saw a young man in negligee who certainly seemed to belong to the occasion.

"I'm doubling up with a friend in Lower 4, Car 9," he said. "Didn't he give you my tickets?"

He had not.

"Well," said Tammany, "he wasn't feeling very good and I suppose he's asleep by now. Do you mind if I give you mine in the morning in Boston?"

Tammany entered the Stadium the next afternoon by marching in with the Harvard band, carrying the "coffin" for one of the trombone players.

MR. YOUNG believes one of his most artistic crashes was accomplished at the première of the Follies last year. Orchestra seats were twenty-two dollars. Tammany wore his dinner jacket. He surveyed the situation and decided on a plan. He checked his hat and overcoat at a restaurant near by. Then he folded a plain piece of paper in an envelope, obtained in the writing room of a hotel, and on the envelope he wrote "Sam Kingston," who is manager of the Ziegfeld enterprises. Now for the crash. Hatless, breathless, and with the envelope in his hand, Tammany dashed up to one of the doors on Forty-first Street which is used only as an exit for smokers who wish to stroll in the air between the acts.

"Note for Kingston," he exclaimed, brushing past the man.

"And," he explained afterward, "I'm among those present."

However, Tammany Young was not content to be merely at large in the house. So he walked out the front exit, receiving a pass-out check, retrieved his hat and coat and returned through the main entrance where the pass-out check readmitted him. At ten-thirty a movie actor, who was leaving, invited him to take his seat. That performance of the Follies ran until after one in the morning, so Tammany's evening was reasonably successful.

He crashed the premières of Mecca and Aphrodite, the Zev-Papyrus race at Belmont Park where there were three gates to pass, and the Dempsey-Firpo fight at Jersey City. It was said that Tex Rickard "fouled". Tam and One-Eye by giving them tickets on the occasion of the Dempsey-Carpentier spectacle to obviate their crashing.

The première of The Miracle at The Century

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Hah, Morrie," said Tammany. "Wonderful event, Morrie."

"I drop myself between these two guys."

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New Self-Massaging Belt Makes You Look Many Pounds Lighter and Inches Thinner the Moment You Put It On—While Actual Fat Disappears as Quickly and Surely as Though Under the Hands of an Expert Masseur. No Dieting—No Drugs—No Exercise.

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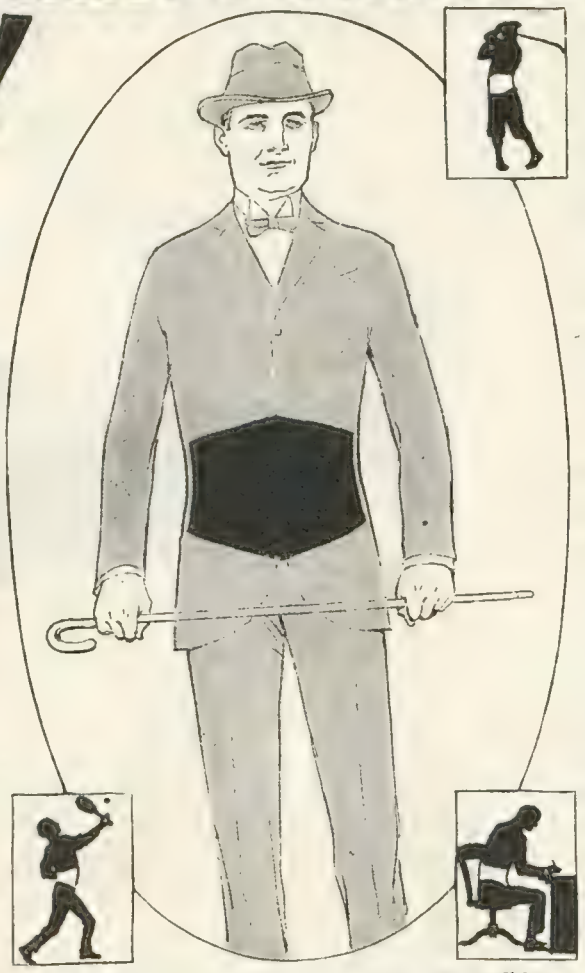

As shown above, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working every second to remove your fat.

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Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

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While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

[CONT. FROM PAGE 31]

Theater last winter was the instance of Tammany Young's masterpiece. Most of the audience had been invited by a jury of selection, of which Morris Gest, the producer, was foreman. Twenty-five dollars was considered no very high price for a single ticket.

In his evening clothes, Tammany stood in the brilliant lobby watching the clotted cream of society, art, literature, and finance flow slowly into the house. He bowed to many and many bowed back. Tammany's position was strategic, near the ticket box at the last entrance on the right. Presently he saw a face in the shadows, near the door.

"Hah, Morrie," said Tammany, pantomiming a congratulatory handshake. "Wonderful event, Morrie," and he stepped past the ticket man to grasp the hand of the astonished Morris Gest.

"And again I'm among those present," said Tammany Young.

This time, however, he took charge of one group of actors in the spectacle, clearing the way for them as they marched and countermarched through the aisles. And one of the house staff, mistaking him for an assistant stage director, found two seats in the ninth row, on the aisle.

Mr. Connelly saw the Carpentier-Levinsky fight at Jersey City. His stratagem on this occasion was of the finest. He filled a pasteboard box with old papers, wrapped it up carefully, and addressed it to Tex O'Rourke, master of the evening's ceremonies, who, he knew, would be busy about the ringside.

"I got the gloves for the main event here," he said at the employés' gate. "I got to deliver them to Tex O'Rourke personally, he's got to sign for them."

At the ringside, Connelly threw the box under the ring and justified his presence by rushing copy from the press row back to the telegraph instruments which were rigged beneath the grandstand.

Connelly was also one of those present at the Willard-Johnson fight at the Yankee Stadium, New York. A few weeks later, while standing under the elms at Great Falls, Montana, watching Jack Dempsey at his training for the Tom Gibbons match at Shelby, we heard a voice crying souvenir postcards.

TAMMANY YOUNG.

It was old One-Eye.

"I made it out here from New York in eight days," he said. "I rode the top of the Pullmans most of the way."

On the day of the fight he was at the ringside in Shelby. Afterward he toured northwestern Canada.

"They put me in jail a few days up there," he laughed when we next saw him at Dempsey's camp at White Sulphur Springs, near Saratoga, New York, where Jack was getting ready for the Firpo bout. Connelly was shining shoes at fifty cents a shine.

"Give the guy credit," said Dempsey. "He's always hustling."

DO they ever have their Waterloos, these crashers? Yes; One-Eye has never been able to crash past a gatekeeper known as Hard-Boiled Burbank at a fight club in New Orleans. And Tammany's defeat at The Ritz-Carlton was a classic rout.

Tam had taken a prominent part in a movie and the producer had invited the sports writers to see it in pre-view at the Ritz. It was rather an ostentatious occasion. There were refreshments. Tammany was to appear, in person.

Ten o'clock was the hour.

Ten o'clock passed. At ten-thirty the film began. Still no Tammany. At one in the morning the guests departed and as they went out they found Tammany Young still arguing feebly with the magnificently uniformed carriage starter at the entrance.

"I'm telling you I got to get in," he was saying.

"And I'm telling you you can't enter this hotel if you're not a guest," the ambassadorial figure was insisting.

Tammany had failed to crash his own party.

THE END

International Photo.

ONE-EYED CONNELLY, snapped at an inauspicious moment.

TRUB'S DIARY

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

TWELFTH CHAPTER

Plotting at Gray Gables

In Which Miss Dacia Kendle, Moving Picture Actress, Yearns for a Palatial Limousine and Weaves a Net for The Molecule's Willing Elderly Guardian.

Picture by
ROBERT L. DICKEY

Toodles snapped at The Molecule's foot.

MARCH 16. Guess who's here? Toodles! He brought Miss Kendle with him. The gray-haired man is here, too. They all came together. They came in an automobile.

The Molecule kissed Miss Kendle when she came. Flips hugged the gray-haired man. Miss Kendle said, "So this is Gray Gables! And this must be Aunt Caroline."

Aunt Caroline said, "Yes, I am Miss Trescott. Miss Kendle will have the pink room, Saki."

When I said hello to Toodles he just sniffed.

I said, "This is my home. How do you like it?"

Toodles said, "Strange, strange!"

I said, "What's strange about this home?"

Toodles said, "Finding you in it. Do you do much 'swallowing up' around here?" He shuddered.

I said, "Oh that was in the old days. I'm house-broken now—nearly."

Toodles said, "Nearly! Oh, my God!"

I said, "Say, how would you like to chase cats?"

Toodles shuddered again. He said, "Always the vulgarian."

He went upstairs with Flips and The Molecule and Miss Kendle.

The gray-haired man stayed downstairs. I hoped he had not forgotten how to scratch back of the ears. I gave him some wags. He hadn't.

Aunt Caroline said, "Well, you've had your way."

The gray-haired man said, "Why, yes, Caroline. And I suggest that you soften your attitude."

Aunt Caroline said, "What did you expect me to do—embrace her?"

The gray-haired man said, "My dear Caroline, there's no fool like an old fool, is there?"

Aunt Caroline gave the gray-haired man a look. It was not a kind look. She said, "I'm afraid you're going to prove that to me, Frederick."

Toodles came downstairs again with Miss Kendle.

I said, "I want to tell you about this chasing cats."

Toodles said, "Go away—you annoy me."

He went into the library with The Molecule and Miss Kendle.

I went after him.

I said, "But listen, it's the king of outdoor sports."

Toodles said, "I have no interest—none whatever in outdoor sports." He got up on the couch with Miss Kendle. I lay down in front of the fire.

The Molecule was sitting on the couch with Miss Kendle. He gave her a long hug. He gave her some kisses.

Miss Kendle said, "You're mussing me up something scandalous, Bobsy Wobsy. Isn't a Rolls too delicious? We just seemed to float along."

The Molecule said, "Tell it to the garage man, Old Party. The important thing is this: Why do I feel it in my toes when your hair tickles my ear?"

Miss Kendle said, "Imagine owning a heavenly thing like that!"

The Molecule said, "I have two. Let's try it on the other one."

Miss Kendle said, "I mean a Rolls, you nut."

The Molecule said, "My mistake. I thought you meant my ear. Not that it's pertinent or of the slightest interest, but the poor goof owns five."

Miss Kendle said, "Five what?"

The Molecule said, "Five little cute little Rolsey polseys."

Miss Kendle said, "Your guardian?"

The Molecule said, "He has that honor."

Miss Kendle said, "Five!"

The Molecule said, "Five, Light of My Life. I counted them twice."

Miss Kendle said, "Heaven help the working girl. Just what is his wonderful name?"

The Molecule said, "The guy's monicker is Frederick Ogden Steele."

Miss Kendle said, "Don't tell me he's F. O. Steele—railroads and banks and everything?"

The Molecule said, "The head of the class for yours, Pansy. 'Everything' is right. The paupers will now toddle out and catch some free air. My arm, Lady Gwendolyn."

Toodles and Miss Kendle and The Molecule went for a walk. I went with them. Toodles stayed beside Miss Kendle.

I said, "Come on, let's run!"

Toodles said, "What for?"

I said, "Don't you ever run when you're out for a walk?"

Toodles said, "Why should I?"

I said, "You run ahead and sniff trees and telephone poles."

Toodles said, "Disgusting!" He went to the other side of Miss Kendle. I went with him.

THE Molecule nearly stepped on Toodles. He said, "Here, you pups, get the hell out of here." He gave Toodles a shove with his foot. Toodles snarled. The Molecule laughed. He shoved Toodles again. Toodles snapped at The Molecule's foot. The Molecule picked Toodles up by the neck. He turned him over and gave him some spanks. They looked like fun spanks to me.

I was surprised at the way Toodles yelled. He kept on yelling when the spanks were over. I said, "Say, what's the matter with you?"

Toodles yelled, "He's killing me, the big bully!"

The Molecule said, "His middle register is a knockout, Old Party, but his high notes are a little sour."

Miss Kendle took Toodles from The Molecule. She took him very quickly. She said, "Come to your own muvver, sugar lump." She gave

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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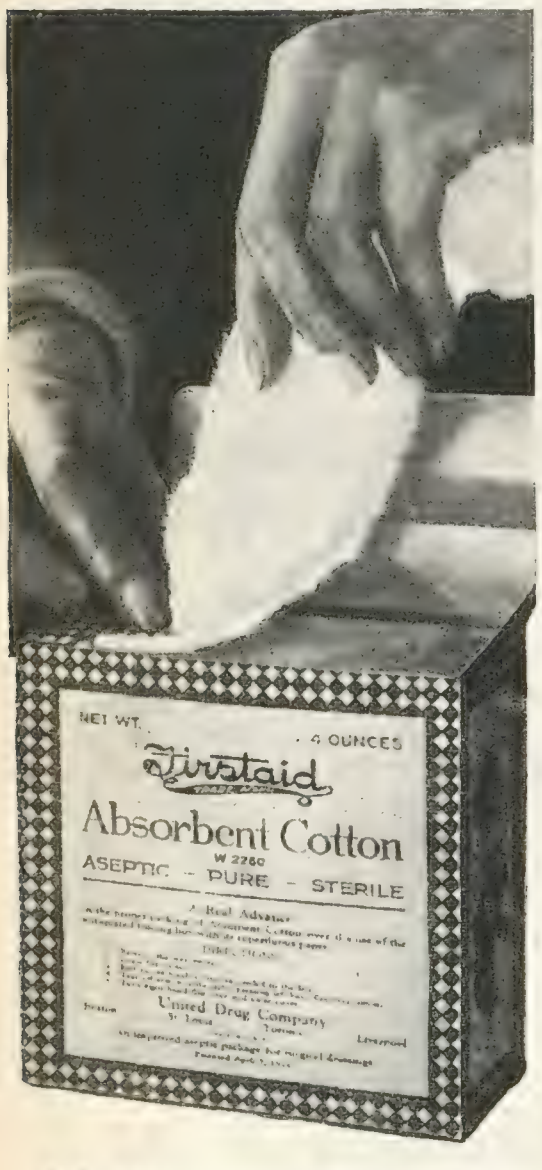

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

Toodles some hugs. He stopped yelling.

The Molecule said, "Better see if any bones are broken."

Miss Kendle said, "I think I'll go back to the house."

The Molecule said, "Ruffled a bit, Old Party?"

Miss Kendle said, "Certainly not. I'm just tired of walking."

The Molecule said, "You're not getting your feathers up because I gave the penwiper a few love pats, are you?"

Miss Kendle said, "I've told you I'm tired, Bobby. Please stop talking about it—I'm getting a headache."

The Molecule said, "Sure you're not steaming under the seams?"

Miss Kendle said, "Not in the least. I've simply got a headache coming on."

The Molecule said, "I'm sorry. Old Party; can I do anything?"

Miss Kendle said, "Yes; stop talking."

WE went back to the house. Miss Kendle carried Toodles. Nobody said anything. I sniffed a few trees. I looked for cats. I didn't see any. We went in the front door. Miss Kendle said, "I'm going up and lie down. I suppose all men have a streak of brutality." She went upstairs.

The Molecule whistled. I thought he wanted me. I went over to him. He said, "Wouldn't that jar your tonsils, Old Companion?" He went to his room. I went with him. He shut the door in my face. I came downstairs again.

Flips and the gray-haired man were in the living room. They were talking. Flips said, "But, if they love each other, Freddy darling, nothing else counts."

The gray-haired man said, "More or less correct, Infant."

Flips said, "Then why don't you approve?"

The gray-haired man said, "I brought her here, didn't I? What more do you want?"

Flips went and sat in the gray-haired man's lap. She put her hands behind his head. She said, "Now, Ducky, look me straight in the eye. Do you, or don't you, approve?"

The gray-haired man said, "You are sitting on that corned-beef hash we had for luncheon."

Flips said, "Never mind your old tummy; answer my question."

The gray-haired man said, "First let me breathe."

Flips got off the gray-haired man's lap. She said, "Now, have you breathed?"

The gray-haired man said, "Sort of."

Flips said, "Well, then——?"

The gray-haired man said, "You hope to choke you'll never tell?"

Flips said, "May I be a dud when I come out, if I do."

The gray-haired man said, "What a blood-curdling oath! All right, listen: If they really love each other—as you say—I approve."

Flips said, "Oh, goody!" She went away from there.

The gray-haired man kept looking at a book. I wanted him to scratch me back of the ears. I gave him a paw poke. He went on looking at the book. I took a nap.

Toodles and Miss Kendle came in. The gray-haired man stopped looking at the book. He stood up.

Miss Kendle said, "Oh, Mr. Steele, I'm simply smittened!"

The gray-haired man said, "Mutual, I assure you."

Miss Kendle said, "I mean with confusion. The way I chattered in the motor. Just as though you weren't anybody. Of course, I never dreamed. What did you think of me?"

The gray-haired man said, "I refuse to confess."

Miss Kendle said, "Please do; I deserve it."

The gray-haired man said, "It wouldn't do; imagine my becoming my ward's rival."

Miss Kendle said, "I don't dare imagine that—it would be too thrilling." She gave the gray-haired man a look. It was a kind look.

Toodles yawned. He said, "Another one, evidently."

I said, "Another what?"

Toodles said, "You wouldn't understand that."

I said, "Why did you yell so about a little spanking?"

Toodles said, "You wouldn't understand that, either."

I said, "Don't tell me it hurt."

Toodles said, "I was hurt in my sensibilities."

I said, "What are sensibilities?"

Toodles said, "That's something you'll never know." He got up in Miss Kendle's lap.

THE MOLECULE came in. He said, "Esteemed Sir and Lady Friend, I greet you. How's the head?"

Miss Kendle said, "I was talking to Mr. Steele, and suddenly it went away."

The Molecule looked at the gray-haired man. He said, "Some line. A few words, and she loses her head."

Saki came to the door. He said, "Dinnair is served."

Guess what happened? Toodles went into the dining room with the rest. I warned him. I said, "You're not allowed in there while eating's going on."

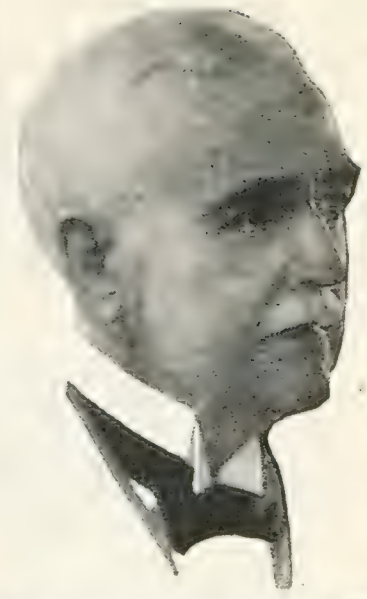
Toodles just sniffed.

I said, "All right, you'll find out."

I waited to see what would happen. Nothing did. He stayed in there during all the eating.

I call that a dirty trick!

Trub will have some further revelations of life at Gray Gables in the next installment, to appear in an early issue.



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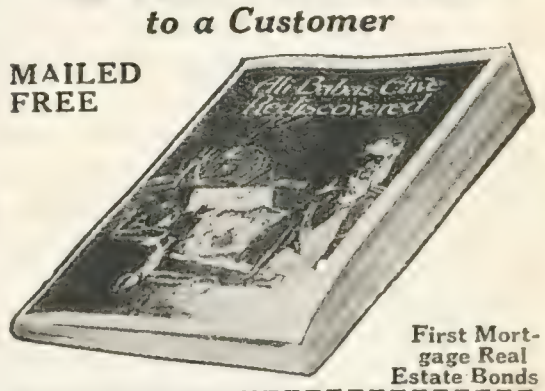

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Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

A matinee idol one day
Strolled pompously down the White Way;
A banana's smooth peel
Got under his heel

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS .....

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(Issue of February 7)

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of January 10. The Limerick read as follows:

On a trolley car homeward she went
To the place where her dad paid the rent;
As she hung to a strap,
And dozed off in a nap

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote are:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

Sleep, Baby, Sleep, hummed a gent.

Written by M. H. SHEADY, Chandlerville, Illinois.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

She dreamed 'twas the aisle (Isle) of Content.

Written by MRS. W. F. MELTON, Atlanta Woman's Club, Atlanta, Georgia.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

To a seat, on the floor, she was sent.

Written by MRS. DAN MAYNARD, P. O. Box 52, Littleton, Massachusetts.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

Her snore with the trolley's roar blent.

Written by MISS ISLAY McCOLL, Court House, Brainerd, Minnesota.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

A man's lap stopped her sudden descent.

Written by GRACIA SHULL, 54 East Walton Avenue, Muskegon, Michigan.

$500 More for Limericks Next Week

SEND 'EM IN EARLY, FOLKS, AND AVOID THE LAST-MINUTE RUSH!

LEND a hand, folks! Something terrible has happened! The matinee idol has bit the dust! But wait! Has he bit the dust? The suspense is certainly awful—as we're sure you'll agree, if you'll read the first four lines of the Limerick printed in the coupon at the left. The matinee idol, at the present moment, seems to be delicately poised in mid-air. But he can't stay that way. No, sir! We'll say he can't! So here we go again—

For the Five Best Last Lines

submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon—describing what happened after the stage celebrity's foot encountered the banana skin—Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

1st Prize, $250 2d Prize, $100
3d Prize, $ 75 4th Prize, $ 50
5th Prize, $ 25

Use the coupon in submitting your last line, or copy the Limerick and write your suggestion for a last line on a separate sheet of paper. You can submit as many last lines as you wish. Every member of the family can compete. The contest is open to men, women, and children. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two.*

ALL LAST LINES *for* *THIS WEEK'S* CONTEST MUST REACH US NOT LATER THAN *MIDNIGHT, FEBRUARY 14*

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

Peter Pan

A Motion Picture Review

By ALVA TAYLOR

Story by J. M. Barrie
Directed by Herbert Brenon
A Paramount Picture

BETTY BRONSON and MARY BRIAN in Peter Pan.

CAST:

Peter Pan.....Betty Bronson
Captain Hook.....Ernest Torrence
Mr. Darling.....Cyril Chadwick
Tinker Bell.....Virginia Brown Faire
Tiger Lily.....Anna May Wong
Mrs. Darling.....Esther Ralston
Nana (the dog).....George Ali
Wendy .....Mary Brian
Michael .....Philippe de Lacey
John .....Jack Murphy

IT IS no wonder to me that Mr. Barrie, after seeing the first reel or two of Peter Pan, withdrew his stipulation that every bit of the moving picture version of his immortal classic be sent to him for his approval as it was completed. So delighted was he with the beginning that he felt certain that the play was safe in the hands of Herbert Brenon and Betty Bronson.

His faith was not misplaced. The opening scene of Nana, the dog nurse, who warms the Darling children's nighties in front of the nursery fire and prepares their baths, the first glimpse of Peter, peering in the nursery window looking for his shadow, give a hint of the charm, the whimsicality, the spirit of fantasy which Barry has put into his story, and which the picture carries out to the letter.

The most devout admirer of Barrie's masterpiece cannot help but love it. Whether you are a child or a grown-up with the child spirit still about you, you can't afford to miss the joy of living with Peter in the Never-Never Land, of battling with pirates, of helping save the life of Tinker Bell by letting Peter know that you believe in fairies.

You'll find Betty Bronson a happy choice for Peter. She is Barrie's choice. He saw in her the elfish boyishness, the spirit of eternal youth, the joyous character of the boy Peter. She is now the arrogant small boy, pleased with his cleverness, crowing his proud cock-a-doodle-doo, now the tender boy, softened by the sight of Wendy's pretty mother weeping, weeping for her children who have flown with Peter to the Never-Never Land. But always she is the boy who did not want to grow up, happy to live always where the fairies fly about his home in the tree tops.

Betty Bronson has boyish legs and a boyish little stride. I like her Peter Pan, a youthful, graceful, enthusiastically happy performance.

Those who have seen Maude Adams should not be prejudiced because someone else steps into the part she made so famous. For, after all, beloved as Maude Adams was in the part, it is the character of Peter Pan created by Barrie which captivates the imagination and the heart. There must always be new Peters taking the place of the old.

Mary Brian, who plays Wendy, is another little newcomer to the screen who has had a marvelous shove-off toward success. She is sweet and pretty and capable.

Everyone else in the cast is excellently picked. Ernest Torrence is just the man to play Captain Hook. He is both whimsical and wicked.

The dog Nana is delightfully played by George Ali. Whoever made Nana's head and body gave Mr. Ali a good start, but he wags his tail, registers pathos, and uses his paws in a manner which endears him to everyone.

The movie of Peter Pan has been able to do more than the stage play in some respects. Tinker Bell, the fairy, is seen by means of clever miniature and photographic effects, as a real little figure instead of just a thing of light. There are mermaids in the Never-Never Land, and a whole pirate ship instead of just a deck. The sea is not a sawdust sea, but the real thing. When all the pirates are vanquished, and Captain Hook has been devoured by the crocodile, the ship becomes a flying ship to take the Darling children home to their empty nursery.

If you don't fall under the spell of Peter Pan you are hopelessly old. In all of us there should be something of that youth which Peter Pan never wanted to lose.

Next Week: A Lost Lady

A Warner Brothers Production Featuring Irene Rich

NEW TIMES, NEW STANDARDS, NEW FACES ON THE NATION'S SCREENS

Three New Leading Ladies Who Have Come To Stay

Captions by Alva Taylor

ON THE HIGH-ROAD to stardom. Jane Winton (below), graduating from the Follies and small bits in pictures, receives her first leading part in Tomorrow's Love, a forthcoming Lasky release

A TRUE DE MILLIAN TYPE, Lillian Rich (below) has been awarded the leading part—her first—in Cecil De Mille's celluloid extravaganza, The Golden Bed.

Eugene R. Richee Photo.

AN OVERNIGHT SENSATION on the New York Stage when she made her American debut in The Beggar On Horseback, Grethe Rutz Nissen, charming Swedish actress (above), will doubtless captivate the movie fans as quickly when she appears on the screen in Paramount's screen version of the play.

Richard Burke Photo

Every red-blooded American boy and girl has a natural love of music and a desire to play a musical instrument. That explains why millions of boys and girls of all ages are now playing Hohner Harmonicas for entertainment, education and popularity.

Don't whistle—play it on a Hohner! Anyone can quickly learn to play with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. Get a Hohner today—50c up—and ask for the Free Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 157, New York City.

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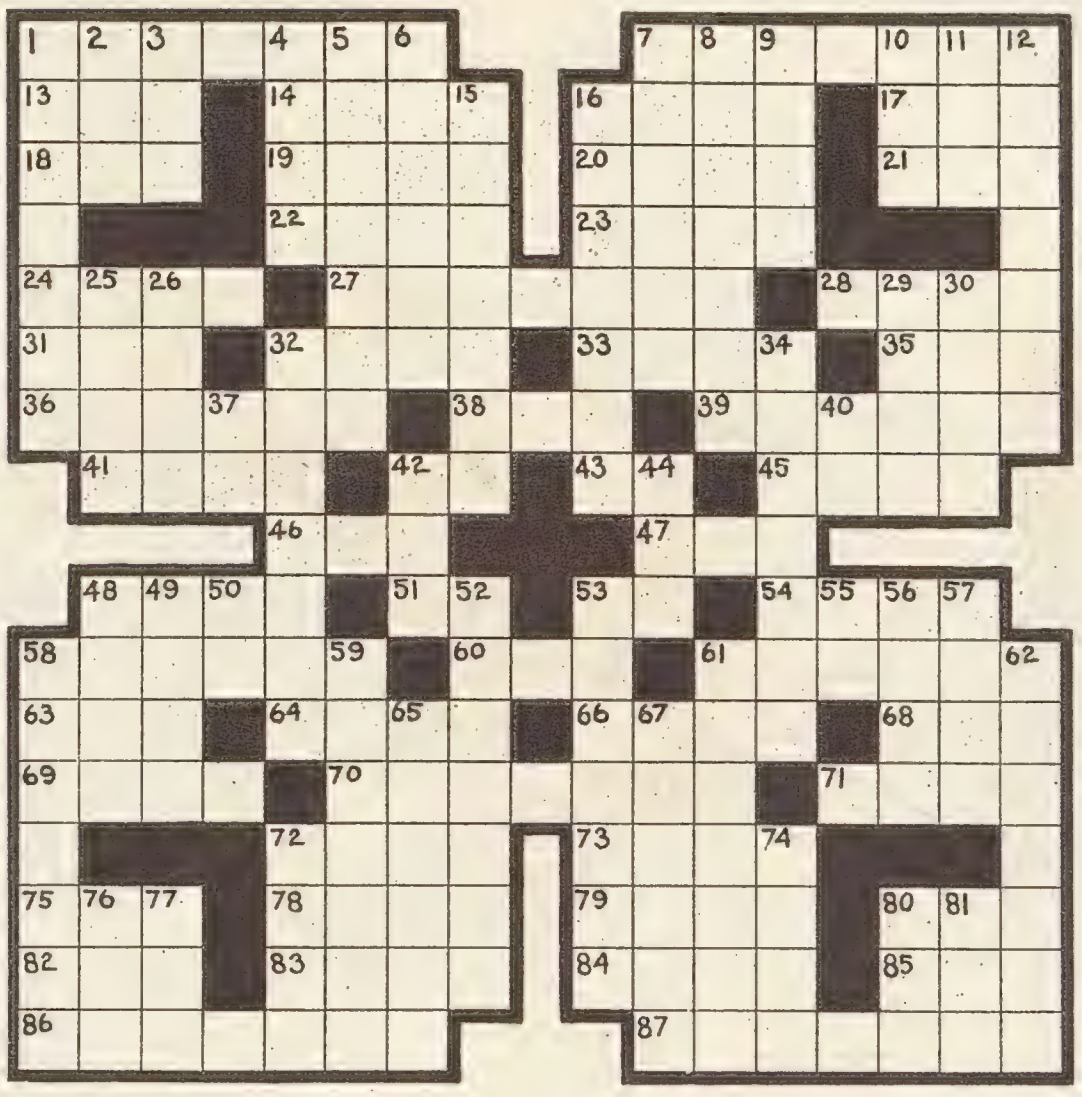
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle

No. 14

YOU'LL be just like Horizontal Word Number One when you finish this puzzle: "In a state of confusion." It's a hard nut to crack, but if you like them hard you'll find satisfaction in the cracking. To start you off, Vertical Word Number One, defined as "a species of holly (Indian name)," is "cassena." And Horizontal Word Number Eighty is "Eta." Good luck!

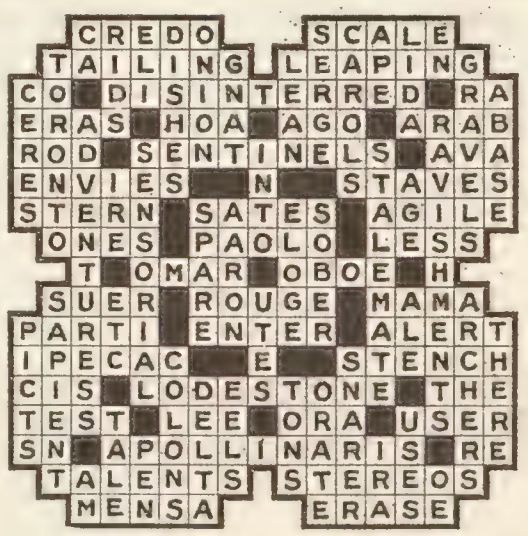


HORIZONTAL

1 In a state of confusion
7 A group of students engaged in original research
13 A river island
14 A man's name
16 Well [Latin]
17 Wrath
18 Behold
19 A field of granular snow
20 Injures by exposure
21 Pulp or paste
22 Allowance made for waste
23 An incipient plan
24 Epochs
27 A part of a firearm lock
28 The spread of an arch
31 A small horse
32 Local position
33 Exterior covering of certain seeds
35 Skill
36 A small surrounding area
38 A dropped stitch in silk hosiery
39 A conical heap of stones erected as a memorial [plural]
41 A girl's name
42 While
43 The Roman gods
45 To
46 Neither
47 A large vehicle
48 The remainder
51 Civil engineer [abbr.]
53 A preposition
54 A platform
58 Regular method or order
60 To be ill
61 Prepared for firing, as a cannon
63 A Chinese river
64 A ruminating mammal
66 Simple
68 Exist
69 A holly tree or shrub
70 A weight of Mediterranean countries
71 So be it
72 To afflict with ennui
73 A large South African parrot
75 A member of an Indo-Chinese race
78 Taverns
79 An Arabian military commander
80 A Greek letter
82 Assistance
83 A course of nourishment
84 A native of Denmark
85 A small mass of butter
86 To feign
87 Attached directly by the base

VERTICAL

1 A species of holly [Indian name]
2 To hasten
3 Chewed and swallowed
4 A portable lodging
5 Inertness
6 Covered or concealed
7 A device for sowing seeds
8 Intestinal
9 A high terrace
10 To pinch
11 A Southern constellation
12 Regrets
15 Old French measure of capacity [plural]
16 A bandit
25 Unusual
26 Old
29 A division of the hair
30 A river in Italy
32 Sloped
34 A place for cleansing clothes
37 A preposition
40 Not out
42 Part of a circle
44 A clinging vine
48 A former English gold coin in the time of Edward IV.
49 An Anglo-Saxon domestic slave
50 A road [abbr.]
52 Sincere and intent
53 Cried like a sheep
55 A three-toed sloth
56 A Mohammedan priest
57 Dry and withered
58 Cut away, as a piece of board to make a flush joint with similar pieces
59 A substance found in opium.
61 The adjective from "Psocidae"
62 Having a toothed margin
65 Acquired by labor
67 Smells
72 To wait for
74 Native metallic compound [plural]
76 To ventilate
77 A short poem
80 A covering for the apex of a sharp pointed roof
81 Cymbals used by religious devotees



Answer to Puzzle No. 13

Sunny Hair

I don't know how it comes

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My hair glistens like a halo. All who see me on the stage or elsewhere know that. Thousands of girls and women envy that amazing glint.

It comes to me through a shampoo which wonderful men created, but they won't tell me how it comes. They say that it is their secret. They use some rare ingredient which nobody else has yet found.

But they have long made this shampoo for me, and now they are making it for you. They will not tell me why it makes hair sunny, so I cannot tell you. But it does.

They prepare it for me under the name of Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. Druggists and toilet counters now supply it at 60 cents per bottle, and under my guarantee. If you are not amazed and delighted by it, your money will be returned.

I urge you to try it. No shampoo in all the world brings like results, I think. It will bring you what it brought me—that lustrous hair, a woman's crowning glory. Please try it for your own sake, and learn how much a shampoo can do.

I want you to see what it does. It will be a revelation.

My Rosy Bloom

Comes largely from a super-cream

My marvelous complexion is the chief item in my beauty and in my perennial youth.

It is largely due to a cream which combines a dozen important factors. To an exquisite cream they have added products of both lemon and strawberry. Then all the best modern science knows to feed and foster, to soften and protect the skin.

I used to apply these helps separately, but now they combine them in one. I call it my Youth Cream. It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. Both contain all the essential constituents. I use the cold cream as a night cream, the vanishing as a day cream. Never is my skin without them.

Now all toilet counters supply that cream exactly as I use it. The name is Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Cream, price 60c per jar; also in 35c tubes.

I will gladly send you Youth Cream or Fruity Shampoo to try if you mail this coupon. Then you will learn how much these toiletries can do. My Beauty Book and sample of my exquisite face powder will come with it. You will be amazed and delighted.

Your Choice Free

Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 834AL

Fruity Shampoo. **Youth Cream.**

Name .....

Address .....

Is *There a* Life After Marriage?

By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

Pictures by
ALICE HARVEY

Your girl friend can stay over night and you can talk till morning.

Or Is a Certain Amount of Boredom Inevitable? Here's an Interesting Survey of the Problems of Matrimony and Some Diverting Suggestions

I USED to think the ideal state for a woman was to Have Been Married. Now I think it is to Have Been Unmarried.

One of the great troubles with marriage as we practice it in this country is, there is too much of it. It ought to be played more like a basketball game, with a little time out between innings.

In the Eastern countries they practice polygamy. But we are more enlightened and go in almost entirely for monotony.

There is only one step from the sublime to the monotonous and that is a wedding ceremony.

Marriage is not so trying for men because they are at home only in the evenings. If you call on your doctor, for example, he is primarily a doctor and only secondarily a married man (if any). But a wife (not an artiste, but the plain or bungalow variety) has matrimony for her steady job and then for her reward, too. A golf "pro" doesn't take along his sticks on a joy ride. But, no matter where you encounter a wife, does she ever for one moment throw off the mantle of wifehood? . . . Not to speak of.

The great difference between marriage and second degree murder is that, while they both entail a life sentence, the murderer sometimes gets commutation for good behavior, whereas with a wife it's just the other way.

Before a woman marries she is concerned about passing her evenings. Afterward she worries about how her evenings are passing her.

Men fret less at marriage and women fret more than formerly. That is because women have more time to expand mentally. And that makes them more interesting to their husbands, but their husbands less interesting to them. And, of course, you can always blame everything on the radio.

Another thing. . . . Women will no longer put up with the double standard of morality. Formerly the Little Woman was supposed to carry on at home, while Friend Husband did his carrying on anywhere he liked. He could play around, but she was supposed to keep the home fires burning. But no more.

I understand they are organizing a bank for married people to be called The Infidelity and Mistrust Company of America.

A girl marries a man for all the reasons that weigh most heavily before she is twenty. But by the time she is thirty not one of them seems worth its weight in defunct cigarettes.

One reason why a great many girls want

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Woman's Views on Wedded Bliss

WHEN things get to the point where everything he says jangles on your nerves like a commotion in a silver drawer; when you look upon all your unmarried friends with envy instead of pity (which is the natural state); when you think of witty things to put in wedding telegrams instead of sentimental ones—something is wrong and needs fixing.

There is only one step from the sublime to the monotonous and that is a wedding ceremony.

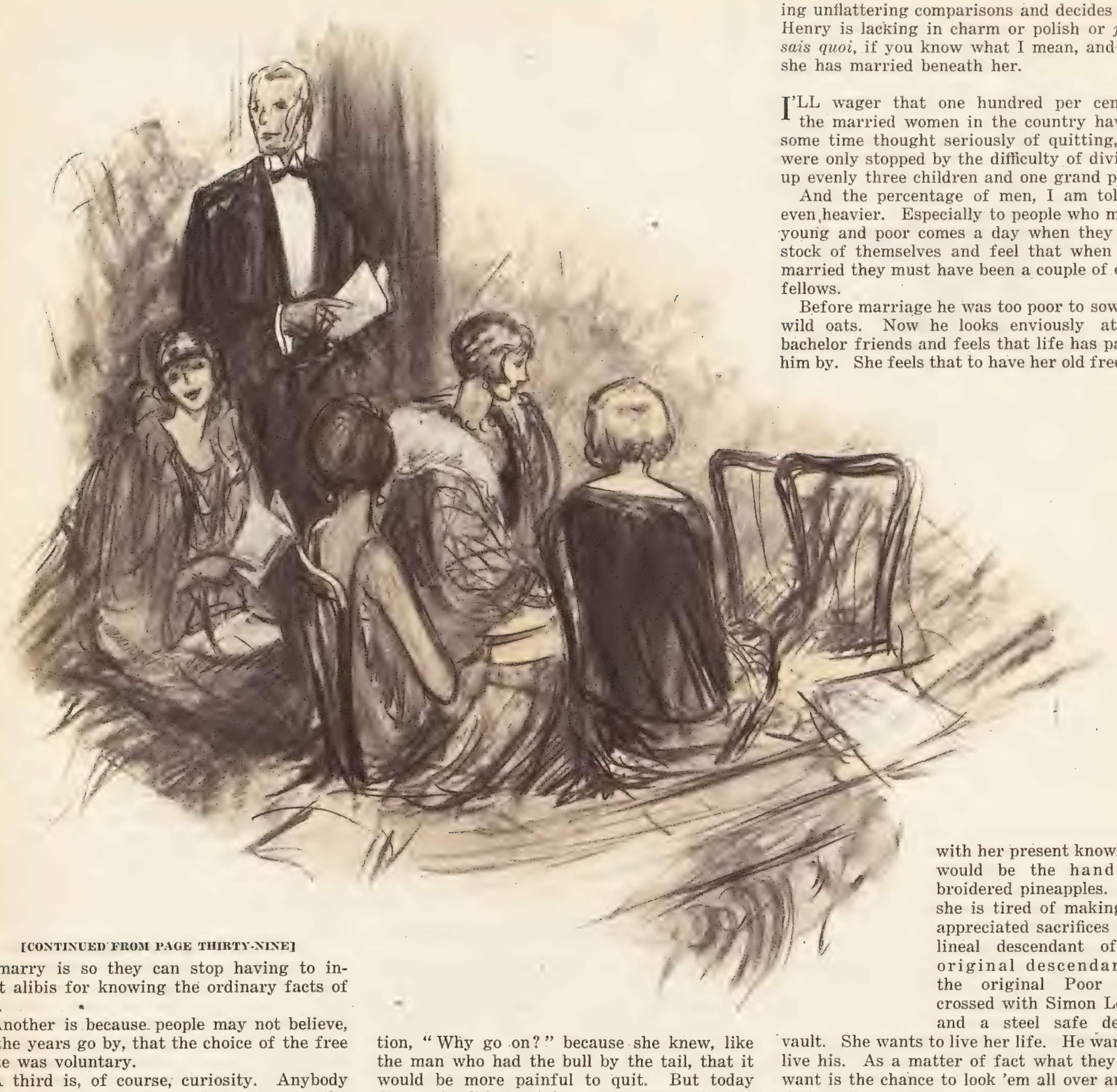
One reason why a great many girls want to marry is so they can stop having to invent alibis for knowing the ordinary facts of life.

Comparatively few women marry nowadays for a meal ticket. . . . It is men who marry because of the craving for a home and fireside—or, better yet, a good kitchen range.

A career is one solution for a married woman. At any rate it uses up her slack time and keeps it from hanging heavily on her partner's neck.

If people are really mismated a permanent separation is the only thing for them. Not to mention the neighbors. . . . Look at all the people who demarry in haste only to remarry at leisure!

The pathological causes underlying most marital disorders are either a tumor of conceit on the part of the husband or a cancer of inferiority. Trial divorce will wipe out the former, because you have been able to leave him, and cure the latter, because you have been willing to go back.



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

to marry is so they can stop having to invent alibis for knowing the ordinary facts of life.

Another is because people may not believe, as the years go by, that the choice of the free state was voluntary.

A third is, of course, curiosity. Anybody would like to take a trip to China, even at the risk of a rough passage.

There is another which I seem to have. . . . Oh, yes—love!

COMPARATIVELY few women marry nowadays for a meal ticket. Whereas the number of men who marry for a permanent laundry ticket, with the complaint bureau open twenty-four hours, is simply appalling! Honestly, I've known men who acted as though the Little Woman did nothing in her spare time but sit around gnawing the edges of their collars!

It is men who marry because of the craving for a home and fireside—or, better yet, a good kitchen range. Any woman will pass up the best home-cooked pot roast in the world for a lobster salad in a high-class eating palace all glittering with electric lights and bare shoulders and flexible bracelets and saxophones.

Marriage used to be a goal for a woman. Now it's often only a foul.

A woman never used to ask herself the question, "Why go on?" because she knew, like the man who had the bull by the tail, that it would be more painful to quit. But today divorce is all but painless, and a woman begins to ask herself what does she gain from marriage—now that she has had it?

A Harbor? Does anybody ever give the Statue of Liberty a kind thought except on the return from a long, hard journey? Only a houseboat wants to spend its life at a mooring. And they aren't turning out many women on the houseboat model any more.

Support? Half the women I know can earn as much as their husbands. The other half can earn more.

A career is one solution for a married woman. At any rate it uses up her slack time and keeps it from hanging heavily on her partner's neck.

But the danger lies in the instability of a woman's balance wheel. In her sane mind (if I may be permitted the figure of speech) a woman will not expect any man to rate over forty-seven per cent because she realizes nobody does, except herself. But because some man she meets in the office plies her with a few well-chosen compliments she begins making unflattering comparisons and decides poor Henry is lacking in charm or polish or *je ne sais quoi*, if you know what I mean, and that she has married beneath her.

I'LL wager that one hundred per cent of the married women in the country have at some time thought seriously of quitting, and were only stopped by the difficulty of dividing up evenly three children and one grand piano.

And the percentage of men, I am told, is even heavier. Especially to people who marry young and poor comes a day when they take stock of themselves and feel that when they married they must have been a couple of other fellows.

Before marriage he was too poor to sow any wild oats. Now he looks enviously at his bachelor friends and feels that life has passed him by. She feels that to have her old freedom with her present knowledge would be the hand embroidered pineapples. And she is tired of making unappreciated sacrifices for a lineal descendant of the original descendant of the original Poor Fish crossed with Simon Legree and a steel safe deposit vault. She wants to live her life. He wants to live his. As a matter of fact what they both want is the chance to look 'em all over and do their picking again.

Trial divorce is the answer.

When things get to the point where everything he says jangles on your nerves like a commotion in the silver drawer; when you look upon all your unmarried friends with envy instead of pity (which is the natural state); when you think of witty things to put in wedding telegrams instead of sentimental ones—something is wrong and needs fixing.

When you're close, unpleasant things overshadow the pleasant. If Henry does the early morning chores and then goes off without kissing you good-by, which will you remember all day? . . . And does it seem just? Would you honestly rather have a man kiss you good-by and let you carry out the garbage can yourself? Romance aside, *would* you?

But when he is out of your life, which do you remember—the night he embarrassed you in front of a head waiter by not knowing the difference between English and German mustard or the time he got up and made you a hot water bottle? Of course, if people are really

The next symptom is a sort of disturbed quickening when you meet him with somebody else.

mismated, a permanent separation is the only thing for them. Not to mention the neighbors. However, who knows the precise dividing line between mated and mismated? Look at all the people who demarry in haste only to remarry at leisure!

PERIODIC vacations are good if your case is only a mild one. But it's like taking a soothing sirup when what you really need is an operation.

When you take a vacation you unconsciously brace yourself against going back. But, once you are definitely out of a place, you find reasons for wishing you were there again. This is the underlying principle of trial divorce.

Obviously, nobody wants to go through the bother and expense of divorce unless it is surely going to take. But in trial divorce you take no chances. It is considered by many a decided advantage that nobody can marry you the while you go about doing all the things you longed to and couldn't for years.

Oh, those first few months in that place of your own. The telephone can ring at any hour of the night and one of your friends on an un-Volsteady party take it into his or her (scratch out or underscore) head to share a priceless story with you without your getting an earful about it until 5 post mortem.

You may stay at a dance as late as you choose and nobody will be standing on the front stoop setting the stage for the big scene. You don't have to tell where you've been and feel like a liar, or refuse and feel like Nero torturing a couple of Christians before breakfast. Your girl friend can stay over night and you can talk till morning. Even the one he never liked. Especially the one he never liked.

And, best of all, you don't have to listen to any advice!

After you have separate places there is no need to avoid seeing each other. Matter of fact, you're rather fond of Henry, especially when he doesn't criticize. And you know you can be a good influence for him.

People seeing you out together will make remarks and give you a stimulating feeling of daring and importance.

The idea that a woman separated from her husband is in any danger from designing free lances is apple sauce.

"Oh, you go out with your husband?" asks the D. F. L.—and you notice at once that his manner becomes aloof—even resentful. "Then you still love him?" Why, it's as much as a flirtation is worth to admit you're even on speaking terms with him!

When you're married your husband is jealous of all the men who take you out. But when you are separated all the men who take you out are jealous of your husband.

For a while you will have your daily dozen scoffs at the idea of going back to marriage. If you need a man to take you any place, and haven't a Tame Robin handy (or if you *prefer* Henry, as often happens when he ceases to be the regular thing and becomes only a volunteer), why you can *have* him.

And Henry appreciates being asked. Little by little you get a feeling that poor dear Henry appreciates you more than anybody else. . . .

The next symptom is a sort of disturbed quickening when you meet him with somebody else. Not jealousy, of course. Oh, dear, no! But Henry always was the helpless type that appeals to your maternal instinct!

With the absence of daily irritation you even find yourself growing a little tender, at times, at the thought that you may have broken up his life. And sometimes you almost think that if it's a question of one of you having a blasted life it might better be you. Women know how to bear up so much better than men!

OCCASIONALLY you get quite a glow out of the thought of making the supreme sacrifice. . . . Especially the day one of his friends tells you that when Henry dines with him he talks of nothing but you. . . .

And then comes a day when you feel practical—sensible—I might almost say arithmetical. You do a bit of mental figuring and there is Henry stacking up at forty-seven per cent and the runner-up only a problematical forty-six.

And you reason that if you ever *did* go back to married life you'd choose Henry. He's so dependable. Not like that wretched Van Dirk who simply fled out of your life when little daughter was stricken with the mumps! The only question is, would you ever consider marriage again?

And then one morning you wake up with a great and all-pervading sadness. Nothing is wrong; you just feel terribly sorry for everybody in the world. Especially the children. They have to go through so much. And for what?

The day you begin for-whatting you might as well look up rates on subletting furnished apartments.

Because as soon as you get the first whiff of spring (fall will do as well, or summer, or what have you?), or a dash of rain against the window—or three new gray hairs or even a broken finger nail—anything that will drive your thoughts toward the transitoriness of the whole blooming *gloria mundi*, all is over with you.

You try to keep from slipping. You tell yourself all the arguments against relinquishing your freedom. But they are only words. Inside you there is an ache that nothing will appease but crying salt tears down the side of Henry's neck.

And that's why men wear stiff collars.

Well, you phone Henry. And he comes over, bringing flowers. And, mind you, *not* those pink roses he used to send, all the years your soul was thirsting for gardenias!

You feel self-conscious and silly. But what of it? You know people will snicker, but it doesn't seem to matter. You are afraid to let go. No girl succumbing to an alien heart beat is half so scared as you, because she doesn't realize how much there is to be scared about. . . . But, invariably, you do let go, and you are both terrifically happy. . . .

WELL, what is this colossal thing that has happened to you? Why, nothing at all. He has made the world-old discovery that you can't get along with women, but you can't get along without them. He's looked them all over and, though by no means flawless, you are the pick of the lot. And he's going to see to it that you don't walk out on him again.

And you have made the equally trite discovery that nothing looks so good, once you're in it, as it did from the outside. Not even freedom. Especially as you get older. And that marriage is like the newspaper game. All the people who have never been in it say how grand it must be. And all who got out of it young consider those were the happiest days of their lives. But those who are in it spend most of their time scheming how they can get into something else.

Most marriages are dragged along on the assumption that because two people started out together they must stick together. And the natural perversity of the more or less human race makes them tug apart. But people who have separated and remarried substitute for that feeling of compulsion one of voluntary choice. And exit most of the trouble with married life.

The pathological causes underlying most marital disorders are either a tumor of conceit on the part of the husband or a cancer of inferiority. Trial divorce will wipe out the former, because you have been able to leave him, and cure the latter, because you have been willing to go back.

Marriage is like the church in that they are both sacred institutions. Only in the one it is hell for you if you step out and in the other it's hell if you don't.

THE END

AN Arabian Nights Tale of Poor Lads and Fabulous Riches, Against a Background of Modern City Business—How Six Boys Started with Nothing and Climbed Together Until Today They All but Dominate Chicago

The SUCCESS SEXTETTE

By Hugh Fullerton

The Wrigley Tower in Chicago.

© U. & U.

IN a previous article Mr. Fullerton told of the early life and rise of John Hertz and John A. Ritchie, famous in the taxicab and motor bus business; William Wrigley Jr., chewing gum manufacturer and financier; Albert Lasker, one of the country's foremost advertising men; John R. Thompson, head of a great chain of restaurants, and Charles A. McCulloch, who directs one of the greatest transfer companies in America. In this article the narrative is continued.

The Humility of Riches

Pride of ability or pride of possession is unnatural. If a man has ability and riches he should be made more humble. With them comes responsibility. The only pride a rich man should have is in using his riches to help others who are deserving. He cannot quit, he cannot rest; responsibility drives him on. The only real thrill of joy I get out of money is in using it to help others who have helped me.

—JOHN HERTZ.

SECOND ARTICLE

MOVE on a few years in the history of these six boys who were destined to control so much of America's big business. Hertz, discharged from his newspaper job, was driving a delivery wagon for N. Shure, boxing, and gathering news of sports for the Chicago *Record*.

Wrigley was starting his chewing gum factory. Thompson was giving Chicago good coffee in his restaurants. The World's Fair had boomed his business, and he was advancing rapidly and was getting into politics.

Ritchie was working hard as chief statistician of the Illinois Central Railroad; Lasker had reached Chicago and was hustling for advertising; McCulloch was growing rapidly—and becoming important in transfer work. Hertz was floundering and grabbing for an opening. But their life lines were approaching a common point.

Chicago's condition in those days was anemic. The "I Will" spirit which had made the city the wonder of the world, which had raised it from the ashes, rather subsided after the World's Fair. The leaders who had rushed to riches had their fortunes and were becoming conservative. Politics had its grip on the throat of the city. The rate of progress slowed down. New blood was needed—and the new blood lacked money and times were hard.

One of Ritchie's Chicago motor coaches.

Hertz was hustling. At that time the sporting department of the Chicago *Record* (just started) consisted of Eddie Sheridan and myself. Sheridan was a kindly, religious fellow with an ingrowing New England conscience. Hertz, hustling around the gymnasiums, brought in sporting notes, which "Sherry" or I rewrote, and the paper paid him twenty-five cents an inch. The dollar and a half or two dollars a week added to the six dollars Shure paid Hertz for driving the delivery wagon made up his pay.

Hertz had realized he couldn't be a champion boxer. He was in touch, as a reporter, with the boxers, however, and decided to become a manager. He took Benny Yanger and Harry Forbes and made them champions, but that was later. Hertz had become acquainted with hundreds of people. His stock in trade was his rapidly widening acquaintance. He tipped a friend in the new automobile business to two chances to sell cars, and the friend urged him to enter the automobile business. Hertz became an automobile salesman, managing boxers on the side.

He was married before he was twenty-three, which is something you will observe about all these boys—all married young. It was four months after he became

A unit in the great chain of Thompson restaurants. This one is in Washington, D. C.

The Yellow Cab, which started a traffic revolution.

an automobile salesman before Hertz made a sale and got sixty-seven dollars commission. He made less than eight hundred dollars the first year, more than eleven thousand the next year, more than fifteen thousand the third. Hertz was arriving.

He had been a salesman for more than two years when Walden Shaw, rich member of a prominent family, who had been in the automobile game, proposed a partnership. Hertz had taken a course in salesmanship—and quit when, after five months, another salesman whispered:

"They haven't taught us a thing you haven't been doing for two years."

Shaw had contracted for a building which was not paid for. Hertz was allowed sixty-five dollars a week drawing account and a third interest in the business. That year the firm sold half a million dollars' worth of cars—of which Hertz alone sold three hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars' worth. He worked eighteen hours a day; traded, argued—and sold.

In his deals he had taken a number of second-hand Thomas Flyers in trade. The company had nine of these cars of which they were unable to dispose. Hertz had an idea. He determined to take those nine cars and establish an automobile livery.

Hertz had groped for years—on his way in various lines. He was about to find that for which he had been seeking. Those nine second-hand cars were the foundation of the Yellow Taxicab Company—and the germ of a traffic revolution in the United States.

THOMPSON, meantime, was growing rapidly. He had conceived the idea of a chain of restaurants, served from a central plant, with one buying center. Popular, resourceful, and with a genius for organization, he was advancing in politics in graft-ridden Chicago. He was elected county treasurer. At that time Charles McCulloch joined him as treasurer of the restaurant company.

Those who have pride of possession, those "self-made" men whose friends boast of their foresight and acumen, should read what follows. The funds of the county treasurer were placed with banks in Chicago. There were, as usual, charges of favoritism in the distribution of the millions. Much of the money in Thompson's charge was in a bank which did business with a man named Frost, who had built the North Shore electric road from Chicago to Milwaukee.

Frost's venture was unsuccessful. There were stories published that the Cook County money in that bank was involved in Frost's ventures. Thompson, to untangle the mess, was compelled to put his personal fortune at stake instead of risking the public money. He was in traction without intending to be.

Lasker, meantime, was gaining a foothold in advertising. He was working for Lord & Thomas, an old, dignified, conservative advertising concern, handling large accounts. Lasker was neither old nor conservative. He was a hustler and a business getter, a man of vision, and, according to the Hertz definition of a young man, "too ignorant to realize he was taking a chance." He was not liked by some of the executives. His methods and manners jarred the conservatives. One of the executives one day issued this order:

"Fire that fellow—I don't want him around here."

Lasker was not fired. Within a few years he obtained control of the company and some of those who had scorned him disappeared from the advertising field. Lasker, hustling for advertising accounts, was in touch with Wrigley, urging more extensive advertising of the chewing gum which Wrigley was turning out in greater and greater quantities. For Wrigley, after his little, struggling start in Chicago, had driven on resistlessly. He bought the Zeno Company, which he had once begged to give him gum to use as premiums, and he had reorganized his own company. Lasker, who was his friend, sold him advertising, coached him in methods.

Lasker also came in contact with John R. Thompson and planned advertising for the growing Thompson concern. McCulloch was applying to the Parmelee Company the hustling methods of handling transfer business he had learned in the rush of handling newspapers.

The "I Will" spirit of Chicago was stirring again as the younger generation grabbed the reins away from the old, established money powers and commenced to make things hum. The whirlpool of business was bringing these six closer together.

Lasker, with his advertising plans, was in touch with all.

Meantime, Hertz had taken his nine Thomas Flyers and started an auto livery. He soon discovered that it was expensive to keep cars in a barn and wait for telephone calls. He found that when people were in a hurry and had to wait for an auto to come from the barn they jumped on street cars.

Hertz's start in the real taxicab business was odd. He was still selling cars occasionally, developing an auto livery business, when he read an advertisement by a hotel asking someone to bid for supplying it with taxicab service. Hertz had little money. He figured if he could get the contract from the hotel he could borrow enough on the strength of it to buy cabs. He bid, got the contract, and borrowed enough money to buy five cars.

Then Hertz discovered that the type of car he had was not fitted for taxicab business. He had the germ of the idea of what was needed. Taking his scant capital he went to London and Paris and saw how the taxicab service was handled there. He put his finger on the weak spot in his plan. He found that to cut expenses he must keep his cars on the streets, always available for cash customers.

He borrowed money and bought five more cars of a type better fitted for such business. He found quickly that Chicago people did not know which cars were for public use and which were private. So he painted his cars a bright orange color that could be seen in any jam—and the Yellow Taxicab Company was born.

It languished for four weeks. Then Chicago awoke to the convenience of the new service, and in six months Hertz was buying new cars at the rate of five a week and starting on his phenomenal success.

Naturally when Lasker discovered that Yellow Taxi was growing, he jumped after new business and started to sell Hertz some of his advertising ideas, and another contract was formed and another hustler was added to the group.

RITCHIE still remained entirely out of the picture. He was pushing upward rapidly in the railroad business. The railroads at that time were struggling to reach some basis of sane operation. Professor Henry Carter Adams of the University of Michigan had studied costs and operation, and had summoned a commission composed of twenty-seven railroad vice presidents to meet in Washington to try to solve the problems.

Ritchie, working for the Illinois Central, had written a treatise on the classification of operating expenses, and when Professor Adams and the vice presidents got through with their conference they had adopted Ritchie's schedule with slight changes. The newsboy and nickel plater of Freeport, Illinois, had shown the railroad chiefs of America how to handle their roads' accounts.

The late Theodore P. Shonts, another Chicagoan, at that time was the head of four big railroads. With the Hawley and Vanderlip interests, he was planning a coast-to-coast railroad system, with an extension of the Milwaukee and St. Paul to the Pacific. Shonts heard of Ritchie's work and induced him to go to New York. Later Shonts became president of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City, and made Ritchie operating statistician and general adviser of terminals, subways, and all other lines of the company.

Early in 1917 Shonts made Ritchie president of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, then controlled by the Interborough. The company, which was established in 1885, was the pioneer motor coach line in America.

In a month Ritchie reached a conclusion that the motor bus was destined to become the greatest factor in the transportation problem in cities and for short interurban hauls. He soon discovered that no one in the United States knew much about either building motor coaches or operating bus lines. He sent to London and got a man from the London General Omnibus Company who did know.

The four newsboys, the farmer boy, and the advertising hustler were being pulled closer and closer together.

The third and final article on the wonderful rise of the Success Sextette will appear in an early issue.

One of Charles A. McCulloch's Parmelee omnibuses at the entrance to the Drake Hotel in Chicago.

White Pants WILLIE

The Story of a Young Man Who Found Love and Adventure in Dazzling, Money-Drunk Palm Beach

Pictures by C. D. WILLIAMS

"I'm playing a system—but I'm tired of piking bets."

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

WILLIE BASCOM, a fiercely ambitious, imaginative youth, rebels against Sloanestown, his birthplace. In defiance of all local custom he wears a pair of white trousers, symbolic of his revolt. He has a dangerous gift, which almost leads to his expulsion from the bank where he works: a trick of imitating signatures from memory. He leaves Sloanestown and

JUDY WITT, his placid, wholesome, ultra-conventional sweetheart, because he thinks himself in danger of arrest. For in a fight he nearly killed

MOCK EPPLEY, a bullying garage hand. He beats his way down to Palm Beach, the region of his dreams. There he meets

HELEN CHARTERS, beautiful, audacious, nineteen, feverishly addicted to roulette. She has been gambling recklessly at the Chance Club and has lost twenty-two thousand dollars in a single night. She had borrowed this sum from

CLEM BODINE, who is in love with her. Clem is the right-hand man of

PHILIP CHARTERS, Helen's multi-millionaire father. Charters is planning to invest a large sum in real estate on Fountain River, the site of a projected new resort. But he is so deeply involved in the stock market that he has no available cash with which to pay the first installment. His options are soon to expire, and someone—he does not know who—has got wind of his predicament and secured the secondary options.

DUDLEY HILLS, who holds Helen Charters' I. O. U.'s for twenty-two thousand, is the manager of the Chance Club. He is a former dweller in Sloanestown, from which Willie had fled. Sympathizing with the boy's revolt, he lets him occupy an apartment which he has on his hands, and spreads the report that he is the son of a Texas oil millionaire. Charters, believing that Willie is longing for a chance to invest his father's millions, hopes that he can persuade Willie to help finance the precarious Fountain River deal. He orders Bodine, however, to try to find out something about the boy's past life.

WILLIE BASCOM entered the Chance Club. He had got away, at last, from a rather dull dinner-dance where he had been cheerfully polite to stout ladies in the fifties. To dance with Helen Charters or Lady Dimity was another matter, but they hadn't been at the party. So, being bored and lonesome—surprisingly and inexplicably lonesome—he turned for company and color to the Chance Club.

It was swarming with players and spectators, of course—humming with chatter that drowned the monotones of the croupiers, the buzz and rattle of the spinning balls. He had read enough about the game to follow the play, but he wandered from table to table without much interest until his eye was caught by a fluff of topaz hair.

Seated, she was leaning forward over the busiest of the tables, a Spanish shawl embroidered in gay green leaves and pink roses flung over the chair behind her, white shoulders above her black evening gown shrugging in vexation as the croupier announced the number. Astoundingly white shoulders, for she had that rare, pale skin that neither tans nor burns. Nothing fragile about Helen—under the smooth skin were powerful muscles; she was an athlete. Still, she seemed fragile, almost pathetic, to Willie.

"How's luck?" he asked softly, joining the onlookers behind her. She turned, looked up with a start.

"In luck and out of it, but I never get anywhere." A big stack of five dollar chips rose in front of her; Willie's eyebrows lifted.

"Oh, I started with that," she sniffed. "I'm playing a system—you remember. But I'm tired of piking bets on the colors. After three hours' work I'm twenty dollars ahead or twenty dollars behind—I forget which. Might as well put my money into war savings stamps. Seventeen was always my lucky number. Here goes two hundred on seventeen."

"Wait," said Willie; and though she was

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By ELMER DAVIS

already shoving the stack out on the green cloth, her hand halted. He might have wondered at her ready acquiescence if he had been able to think of anything but the grace of her long, slim fingers, the ivory firmness of her extended arm.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

"Is that part of the system—plunging when you get bored?"

"No, but——"

"Old-time gamblers tell me," said Willie, his eyes on Dudley Hills' white hair and black eyebrows, on the other side of the room, "that a system is the surest road to hell. Everybody gets bored, and plunges."

She shrugged irritably.

"How do you play, then?"

"I don't play," said Willie.

"Why not?"

"Well, I know men who have spent twenty-five years learning that it pays better to be the house than to buck the house. They've learned it; I'll take their word for it. Besides—I find plenty of excitement in other things."

"What?" Her voice was low; her eyes startled him with a sort of tender humility. It was no time, even if this jostling crowd had been the place, to tell her that the play of light in her topaz hair was more exciting than all the roulette wheels in the world.

"The rain's stopped," he said, without answering her. "Let's take a chair, and ride. This place will be open all winter, you know."

"Wait till I cash my chips," she assented.

HIS eyes followed her as she went to the cashier's desk, stuffed a roll of bills into her handbag, paused to speak to some older people; her golden youth bright beside their ashen flabbiness, her instinctive poise resplendent among so many who aimed at poise and achieved only an insecure insolence. . . . Too bad she was such a little fool about roulette.

Smooth and silent their wicker chair rolled up the Lake Trail, wheels splashing through lamp-lit puddles left by the rain, the bell clinking its warning as they passed the empty streets. The wind had swept the sky clear of rain clouds and bared a roof of golden stars; it blew through rustling palm groves, through moaning ranks of Australian pine. Through green-gold screens of drooping palm fronds the light of hidden lamps fell on their graveled roadway . . . . January—Sloanestown was shoetop deep in slush. Impossible that Willie Bascom was riding through a warm night, fragrant with hidden flowers, with the faint scent of Helen's hair.

She lay back limply, eyes closed, hands clasped in her lap; the gay embroidered shawl thrown round her shoulders, shimmering rose-beige legs thrust forward, feet shod in black satin propped on the wicker footrest. Her face was pale in the dusk, her shoulder touched his. He tingled.

Why should he tingle? He was in love with Judy Witt, he assured himself.

No; really putting his mind on Judy for the first time since he had left her window in the sleet, he knew that he wasn't in love with her. He had missed her, felt betrayed and deserted when he thought of her on that terrible journey southward; but he had done that only to flatter himself with the pleasure of an added pain. He certainly didn't feel betrayed and deserted now.

This was the scene he had pictured in a thousand daydreams—the Lake Trail, a wheel chair, and Judy. It was the time, the place, and another girl—and he didn't miss Judy at all. He had got over Judy.

Not that he was in love with Helen, of course. He mustn't let her kindness mislead him into being sentimental. This tingling was only what any man would feel when an attractive woman he liked was close beside him.

Her eyes still closed, she began to talk in an undertone.

"I suppose you wonder why I'm so crazy about roulette. Crazy's the only word. It's like a drug. When I'm playing I don't see or hear or feel anything else. One night last winter a man standing behind got crowded up against me, and his lighted cigar was pushed against my bare back. He noticed it before I did. I've got the scar yet. See?"

Twisting, the shawl flung aside, she showed him a puckered white blot between her shoulders. . . . Yet, while she was playing, she had heard his voice, and had answered.

"Like a drug," she repeated. "And it was a drug. I'm not a real gambler. . . . It began two years ago. A boy came down here—a Russian, good family ruined by the revolution, mother and sisters living in some terrible pension at San Remo till he could get them out. Of course, he'd come here to make a good marriage. He was quite frank about it. And we fell madly in love. I'd have been a good mar-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

riage for him, of course—except that father took a dislike to him—hated him. He absolutely forbade me to marry him—said he wouldn't give me a cent if I ran off. And Paul was quite frank—he simply had to have money.

"So, with a kid's wild notion of breaking the bank—I was only seventeen, you know—I took what money I had and began to play roulette. I did win for a while—that's the amazing part of it. I played hunches—I'm superstitious, you know—and I won, for a while. Then I began to lose.

"Well, he had to marry some money before the end of the season—it was his last chance, for himself and his mother and his sisters. We talked it over, walking up and down the ocean front, one wild, windy night; I said all sorts of crazy things, of course, and he was decent enough not to pay any attention to them; and then we parted—he went back to the house where he was staying—and I went back to the roulette table. I've been there ever since. A drug. I took to it as I might have taken to morphine or whisky. It made me forget Paul."

"Poor child!" he whispered, and found that his fingers were tightly interlocked with hers.

"Poor child!" he whispered, and found that his fingers were tightly interlocked with hers. "What did he do?"

"What he had to do—made a play for another girl, and got her. They're quite happy, I believe; and I don't mind—now. I've got over Paul, I guess, but I haven't got over roulette. . . . Oh, it spoiled everything. Dad and I have never quite been able to forgive each other. I dropped most of my girl friends, because they all went around saying Paul was a rotter—and he wasn't, of course; he did what he had to do. Even Clem—— He'd been just a kind of uncle before that, but he wanted me to marry him to spite Paul, and he's been after me ever since. And I've come to be afraid of him. But that was how it started, you see. A drug to forget Paul. And now I can't stop."

THEY were riding along a pine-bordered avenue, a straight, black roadway, toward the ocean. Willie Bascom was fighting against an awful impulse to be sentimental. That wouldn't do. Even if he had as much money as he seemed, it wouldn't do to mistake her kindly friendship for a feeling that she simply couldn't feel for him. And, of course, with no money, he couldn't decently——

"You've never told me much about yourself," she said, reproachfully.

"There isn't much to tell." It was a terrible temptation to tell her, none the less—to tell her the truth. Suppose she knew he was only Willie Bascom from Sloanestown, and that she'd first seen him in a box car.

"Tell me all about it," she said, comfortably. "First, where did you go to college?"

"I didn't go to college," he confessed.

"No wonder you don't talk much—you boys that have always been educated by tutors!"

That settled it. He could never make her understand.

Of course, it wasn't as if they were or ever would be in love. They were just friends; but she might be angry, drop him, if he told her the truth now. By the time the season ended it would be different. By that time, if he had stayed in Palm Beach at all, he'd have made some money in Florida real estate. Then he could tell her. By that time they'd be not only friends but old friends—confidential, unsentimental comrades. She'd laugh with him, then, and be proud of his cleverness. But he couldn't tell her now.

Anyway, he didn't like to talk confidentially with this hard-pedaling, hard-breathing negro on the chair behind them. They had come out on the Ocean Boulevard. The dark sea spread before them, edged with lines of white where the breakers beat on the sand.

"Let's walk a little," Willie proposed. "Or are we too far from civilization?"

"Not a bit. Our house is only about a quarter of a mile up the boulevard. You can walk home with me."

So he dismissed the driver and they started slowly up the empty black roadway. Willie found that he had taken her hand again and tucked it into the crook of his arm.

"Helen, I want you to stop playing roulette."

She was silent a moment; then——

"I've seen this coming. I know you mean well. It's bad for me. I lose too much money and waste too much time. But I can't, Bill."

"Oh, yes, you can. Lots of things are more exciting."

"I know it," she whispered. "I'd forgotten it—for two years. . . . But I have to play. You know why. I borrowed from Clem—twenty-two thousand. How else could I pay it back?"

"It would take you twenty years to pay it back on the winnings of that system unless you had a terrific capital to start with. Even so, the limit would head you off. And if you plunge——"

"I know. I—— Bill! Do you suppose Clem knew that? Do you suppose he gave me the system just so I'd get deeper and deeper in debt? I'm afraid of him. He'd be capable of it. I know. How can I ever pay him? How can I ever get out?"

"WELL—at the price of a quarrel with your father you could do what you started to—pawn your jewels. He'd order you to stop playing, probably; but if you'd stopped anyway—— However, that's a last resort."

"I couldn't stop," she said, dully. "I've tried. But it's what they call a fever in the blood, I guess. Whenever I'm tired, or bored, or depressed, I go to the roulette table. I used to try to soothe my nerves some other way. I've come home from dances in the middle of the night and gone down to the beach and swum for an hour—out, miles and miles—and then come back and dressed and gone over to the Chance Club. It comes over me hardest at night, when I'm tired and sick of everything."

"But when we're dancing together——"

"We can't do that every night. Besides, I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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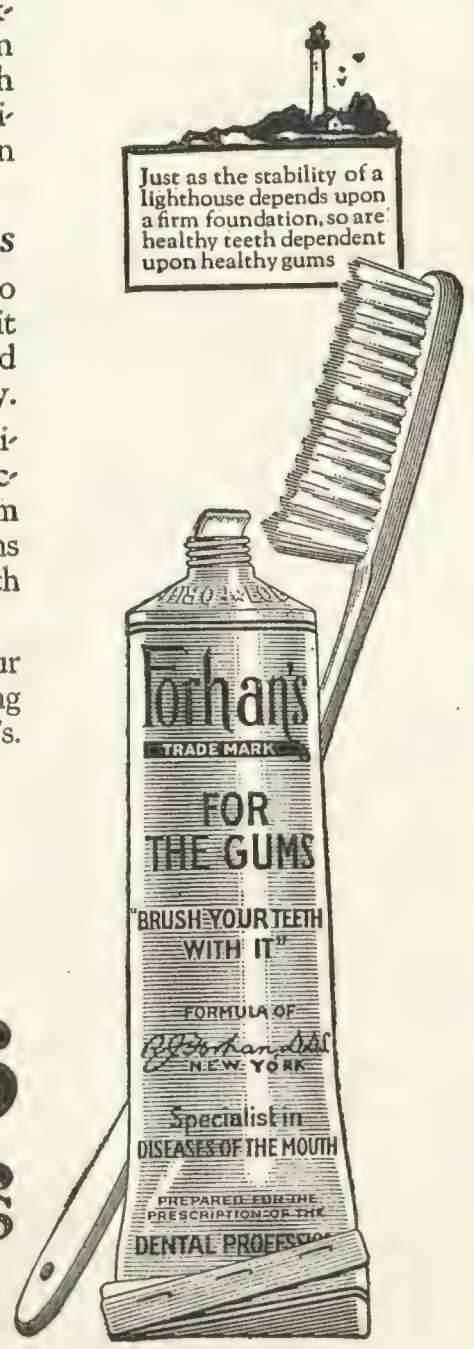

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need it more after dances, anyway. You couldn't help, then."

"If being with me will help any, you can call me up whenever you need me. Unless we're at the same party, I'll promise to be in my apartment by midnight—always. So—whenever you feel like roulette, Helen, will you call me up? Call me up, and we'll take a walk, or talk, or something. Please."

HE FELT her fingers trembling on his arm as they walked silently past the long stucco wall of the Charters estate. Vines and shrubbery overhung them; great, pale, fragrant flowers stared from the dark mass.

"Would you come whenever I asked you? And even if I was sulky and mean, you'd take hold of me and calm me down and soothe me?"

"Yes."

They stopped before the iron grilled gates; she looked up at him with an absolute, almost abandoned, trust.

"Thank you, my dear," she said, shakily. "I promise. Good night."

She gave him both her hands; he stooped and kissed her fingers. As he straightened up she stepped forward and kissed him. And then he was kissing her and she was kissing him, and they were clinging tightly to each other till, all at once, she broke away, laughing, and ran down the flagstone pathway.

At the door, under the big, bright lantern, she paused, and an upflung arm waved him a gay good-by. Willie Bascom started home, trying to persuade himself that it had been all wrong to kiss her when, of course, they were just friends. He wasn't in love with her.

But he had called himself in love with Judy Witt—and this emotion was a million times deeper and stronger; it compared with the other as—as Palm Beach compared with Sloanestown. Maybe he was in love with her, after all. And she hadn't seemed to mind being kissed; in fact, she had started it and had helped to keep it up. Nor was she one who would kiss promiscuously. Maybe——

Certainly, he would have to make money; lots of money; his own money. No harm in falling in love with a rich girl if you had money yourself. He'd borrow from Hills and invest in Florida real estate—invest craftily, successfully. Then—— But meanwhile, of course, they'd only be friends, comrades . . . .

Helen came into the entry hall as her father was saying good-by to Clem Bodine.

"How do you happen to be home so soon?" Charters growled. Then, as she passed them, he saw the flushed, awestruck eagerness,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

the delighted wonder of her face. It took him back to her babyhood days, to her first sight of her first Christmas tree.

"Oh," she said lightly as she ran up the stairs, "I've given up roulette."

II.

WILLIE awakened from a long, sound sleep at ten o'clock, his emotions quite as warm and bright as the sunshine that flooded his bedroom. Still, he reminded himself, it was dishonorable to indulge these sentiments till he had made his money. Things mustn't move too fast. For a while it would be better not to court temptation; for a while he would stay away from Helen.

He kept his resolution. He stayed away from her for nearly two hours.

Meanwhile he called on Dudley Hills, in the green-shuttered business office of the Chance Club.

"Care to lend me some money?" he asked. Hills took out his checkbook.

"How much do you want?"

"Oh, about three thousand," said Willie, casually. Hills grunted.

"That's not chicken feed, even in Palm Beach."

"I'd thought of buying a car," Willie explained. "Saw a Sagamore sport speedster the other day—second-hand, but in tiptop shape. I know, because I used to work in a garage. Four thousand new, but I can get it for eighteen hundred. I'll need it to drive around and look over prospective investments."

"You'd better work quick," Hills grumbled. "I don't intend to pay your bills at the end of the month unless you can show me something definite. Nothing I'd like so much as to lend you money for an engagement ring."

"Engagement ring? Now, Mr. Hills, I've told you already——"

"Oh, I know you've told me," said Hills, genially. "Call it what you please, son. I guess I know how well you can use a car with a seat for two in looking over your investments. Now, if you'll just sign this note for three thousand, with interest at one per cent a month, compounded—— Yes, Bascom, those are loan shark terms; but it's worth it to you. And it won't be very many months before you can pay up."

"I hope so," said Willie, calmly. "They say fairy tales come true in Florida real estate."

He banked the check, but he didn't go out to buy the car—mainly because the car was in West Palm Beach and the center of Willie's interest was in a pink stucco Spanish palace on the Ocean Boulevard. It was best to stay away from her—so he rambled nervously, looking into shop windows, talking to boatmen and wheel-chair boys on the lake front—and then he found himself walking toward the ocean, edging northward, almost breaking into a run.

His heart was pounding hard when the liveried negro opened the door before him; harder still when, as he stood in the hallway, she came out of a little room opening off at one side, her face faintly flushed, her eyes meeting his with one quick glance and then dropping.

"Heard you," she said. "Come into the writing room—I'll show you a note I was just going to send you."

He followed her, out of sight of the servant; then she turned and looked at him, and he took her in his arms.

"I love you, Helen."

It was all wrong; he hadn't meant to say it; he had no right to say it. But it had said itself, and with her mouth on his he was glad he had said it.

"Come," she said presently. She led him to a writing table,

Then he was kissing her and she was kissing him.

where a sheet of note paper was scrawled with—

DEAR BILL:

Just called you up, and you were out. If you come back before you get this, come over and we'll go somewhere for lunch.

HELEN.

"We seem to have been thinking about the same thing," she told him, with a tremulous smile. He put the note in his pocket.

"This is the first I've ever had from you—first time I've ever seen your handwriting. I think I'll have it framed."

"Don't!" she laughed. "My awful scrawl! But, oh, my dear——" They embraced again.

As they stood motionless the telephone began to ring in the entrance hall. Willie let her go, for, in the houses he knew, whoever was within hearing answered the telephone; but she swayed back into his arms.

"Let it ring," she whispered. "Somebody will answer it." Then—"Oh, damn!"

They had heard the servant's voice:

"Miss Helen? Just a moment." They jumped apart a second before he appeared in the door. "Lady Dimity calling."

"Oh——" Helen hesitated, lips pursed; then: "I'd better talk to her, I guess. I'll make it snappy, Bill."

Still, she couldn't make it as snappy as he desired. He sat down at the writing table, took her note out of his pocket, looked at it with eyes that gradually ceased to see it. He was dreaming—dreaming spacious dreams of the future. His hand closed around a pen; automatically it began moving over a blank sheet of paper.

"For heaven's sake!" He started up, to find her looking at the paper. "Been writing my name, eh? Shows what you were thinking about all this time I was letting Dimity run on about some silly dance. But—Bill!"

She was staring at the sheet on which he had written.

"Why, Bill, your handwriting's just like mine. No—— Why, see? You've written 'Helen' just the way I write it. But 'Charters' isn't the way I write it at all. It looks just like Dad's signature."

"Oh, my gosh!" Overwhelmed with confusion, it took him a moment or two to realize that he could explain this without having to explain anything else.

"Why, Helen, the fact is, I've got this knack of being able to imitate almost anybody's handwriting pretty well—especially if it's kind of sunk into my mind. I—well, I was reading that note of yours over and over, and—I do this without thinking, sometimes—I wrote 'Helen' like you write it, because it had impressed itself on me; but you hadn't signed your last name, of course, so——"

"But did you ever see Dad's signature?"

He grinned. "Many a time. On rain checks, at his ball park. See?"

He took up the pen and executed a flowing "Ph. Charters."

"Well, I never! That's perfect. He'll be so surprised——"

"Better not tell him just yet," said Willie, nervously. "He might think I was a forger in my spare time. Wait till he knows me better."

"He'll get to know you quite a lot better, won't he?" she said, softly. Willie swallowed two or three times. He had to get things cleared up as well as he could.

"I suppose you wonder why I haven't asked

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

you to marry me," he suggested, and was ashamed of himself at the utter confidence in her face.

"Why, no. I thought you were just taking it for granted, probably, as I was. You—you haven't got a wife, or anything awful like that?"

His laugh reassured her.

"Not a bit. Never did have one—though I hope to have one before long. But, Helen——" He paused. How much to say? How to say it? "I—I'm going to be terrifically tied up for some little time—maybe a week or two, maybe a month or two—with some business deals. So I thought if you wouldn't mind waiting——"

"Well," she protested, "I wouldn't want to wait so very long. But so long as we know we're engaged, it doesn't make much difference if anybody else knows or not, does it?"

A VOICE outside—her father's voice.

"Helen! Oh, Helen! Come and look at this tarpon."

"Crazy about fishing," she muttered. "He takes to it the way I used to take to roulette. We'll have to look at the tarpon; then we can duck out and I'll drive you off somewhere for lunch."

But ducking out wasn't so easy. The display of the tarpon was much on Philip Charters' mind, yet he was obviously surprised and as obviously pleased to find Willie Bascom with Helen.

Clem Bodine, who had gone fishing with him, seemed far less happy about it.

"You asked him to stay for lunch, of course?" said Charters.

"We were going out for lunch, Dad."

"You stay," he told her. "I want to talk to Bascom. You'll stay, too, Clem, and you and Helen can play billiards while Bascom and I talk things over."

Bodine shook his head.

"Got to catch a train for Jacksonville. I've started some inquiries about those second options and I think, maybe, I can find out something if I go up there and do a little investigating myself. Also, chief—I've started an investigation of that other matter we spoke about."

His eyes slid round and rested coldly, for an instant, upon Willie's face.

"Nerve enough to ask Mellon for the United States gold reserve." That description fitted Willie to a T. But what happened when he tried to match his wits with the hard-boiled Philip Charters in a business deal involving millions? You will find out in the sixth installment, in next week's Liberty.

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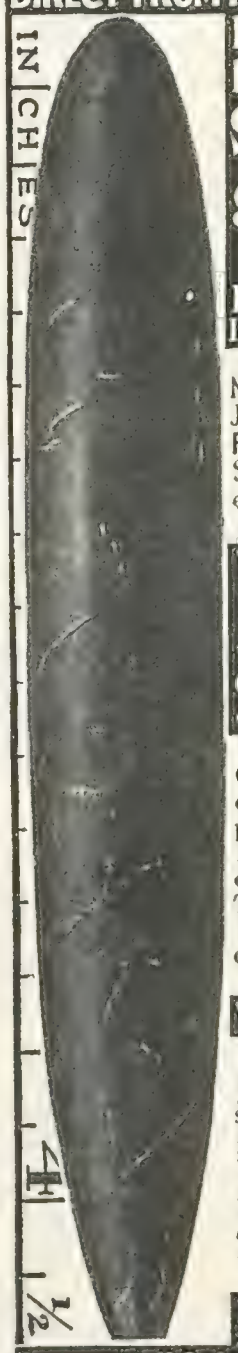

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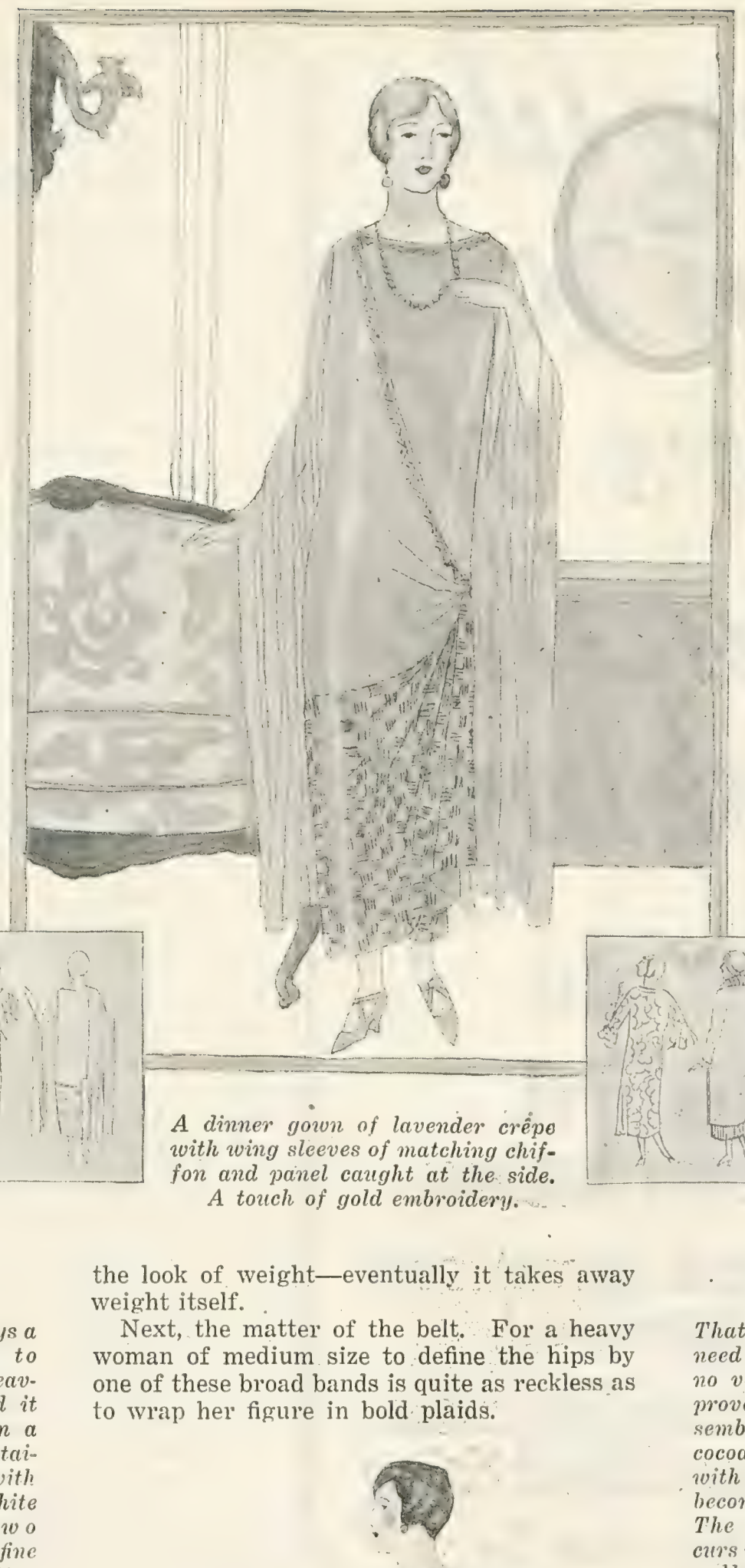
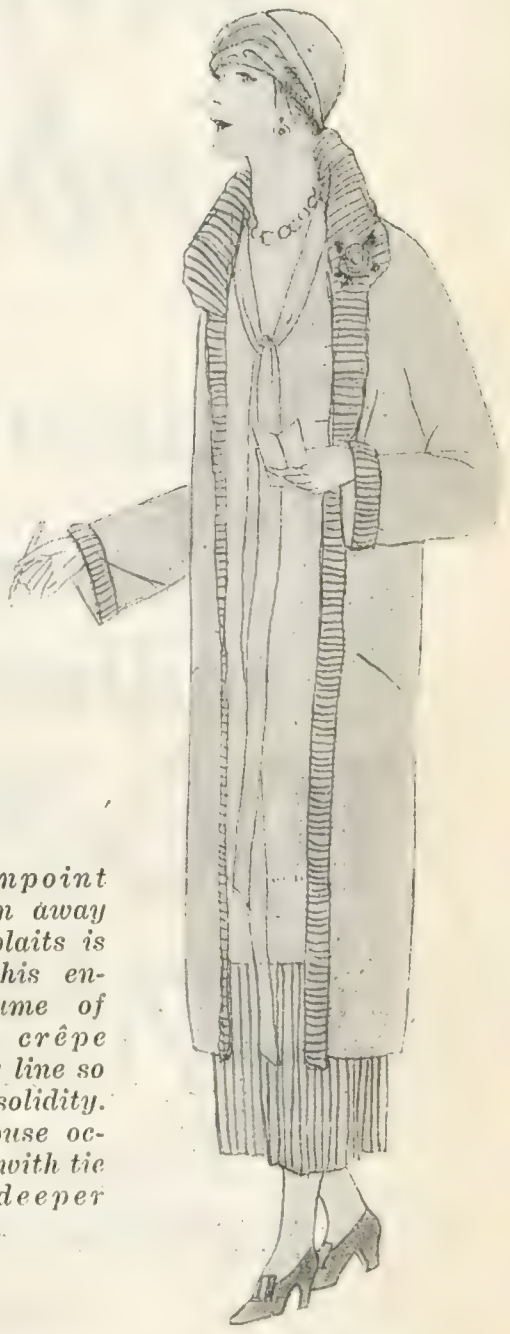
The V is always a good point to make for the heavier figure and it occurs here in a black satin tailored frock with vestee of white batiste, two groups of fine plaits, and button trimming.



A dinner gown of lavender crêpe with wing sleeves of matching chiffon and panel caught at the side. A touch of gold embroidery.



That embonpoint need frighten away no vertical plaits is proved by this ensemble costume of cocoa-colored crêpe with the long line so becoming to solidity. The long blouse occurs in beige with tie collar of deeper shade.

IT IS impossible for a woman who weighs a hundred and eighty pounds to look like a hollyhock swaying in the breeze. But, although you cannot convert her into a delicate, long-stemmed flower, you can certainly do much to make her weight appear as an asset rather than a liability.

Here are a few things which should be remembered by every woman of medium height who has passed the hundred and forty pound mark:

First, the corset. If you skimp money on this detail you waste money on any costume that you wear over it. The selection of a good corset is the first requisite in making extra pounds "look as if they ain't," and in this breath let me say that a certain famous designer I know always puts his patients, as he calls them, into a rubber corset fitted down over the hips. Not only does this take away the look of weight—eventually it takes away weight itself.

Next, the matter of the belt. For a heavy woman of medium size to define the hips by one of these broad bands is quite as reckless as to wrap her figure in bold plaids.

A frock of soft gray lace edged with narrow line of steel embroidery is made over crêpe satin in darker gray.

As to neck treatments, let me say that the décolleté from which you may expect the greatest measure of illusive slimness is the V and this may, of course, be inflected into some type of surplice closing.

A tight-fitting sleeve should be regarded as apprehensively by the woman of *embonpoint* as a lurid color or a chocolate cream. A similar sensitiveness to danger should warn her also against the flaring godets and circular knee-flounces prescribed by today's mode. Both of these detract from both slimness and height. But, on the contrary, the woman of increased weight may help herself as freely to tucks as she does to a lettuce leaf. Provided the tucks run in the manner prescribed for her—up and down—they are not only harmless but beneficial.

A widely-known dressmaker in New York has certain "heavy" patrons, down the back of whose gowns she always introduces a narrow self-panel running from neckline to hem. Sometimes the panel is varied by a band of braid or other trimming which matches the gown, but in all cases the principle of breaking up a broad surface by a long vertical line is essentially correct.

One last word concerns hats. The brimless hat, and especially that saucy affair with the high peaked crown so dear to present fashion, is to be included among the "dont's." On the other hand, a very wide brimmed hat is not to be recommended, especially in those cases where *embonpoint* is accompanied by a short throat. A high crown with some adaptation of narrow brim to the individual contours—this is the general word of millinery guidance.

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RESORT FASHIONS SET THE STYLE FOR COMING SEASON

PALM BEACH sets the style trend for the spring and summer months. The clothes for Southern wear this season are developed, for the most part, on straight, slender lines, but with suggestions of fullness subtly introduced by side plaits, flares, and tunics. The youthful bouffant silhouette, with its molded bodice and full skirt, is a favorite with the younger girls and women for frocks of the dressier type.

Camel's-hair twill makes many of the smartest resort frocks and ensembles. This material will take precedence over all others for spring street wear. It comes in natural tones (tan), white, blue, and pastel colorings. Polka dot flannel is a new material that is promised extensive popularity. Those in monotones and those that are plaided are also good. Silk ottoman, flat crêpes, and satin are the standbys for afternoon dresses, while the lovely new ombre chiffons are used for dinner and dance frocks.

Of the tailored variety so popular for general wear is design No. 2239. It is made with the much liked convertible collar and can have long or short sleeves. Camel's-hair twill or flannel could be used for this pattern, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅝ yard 27-inch contrasting.

By PATRICIA

Lines both modish and becoming are combined in this dress, design No. 2254, one every woman will like. The straight panel front gives the much wanted slim silhouette, and the use of a belt across the back is another becoming feature. Pattern No. 2254 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material.

The youthful bouffant style, No. 2278, is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅜ yard 14-inch for the collar. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 712, which comes in blue and yellow, costs fifteen cents extra.

In accord with the beltless mode is design No. 2289. Even the woman who has never sewn will be able to make this dress in surprisingly short time. There are only two pieces to the pattern and only four seams to stitch. Patterned silks, satin, and novelty materials could be employed for the making. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material.

A lovely version of the tunic mode is seen in pattern No. 2296, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The pattern includes a one-piece slip as well.

Pattern No. 2296 requires for the 36-inch size 3¼ yards of 36-inch material for the tunic, with 1½ yards of 11-inch lace, with 2½ yards of 32-inch for the slip.

The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 720, which comes in blue and yellow, costs fifteen cents extra.

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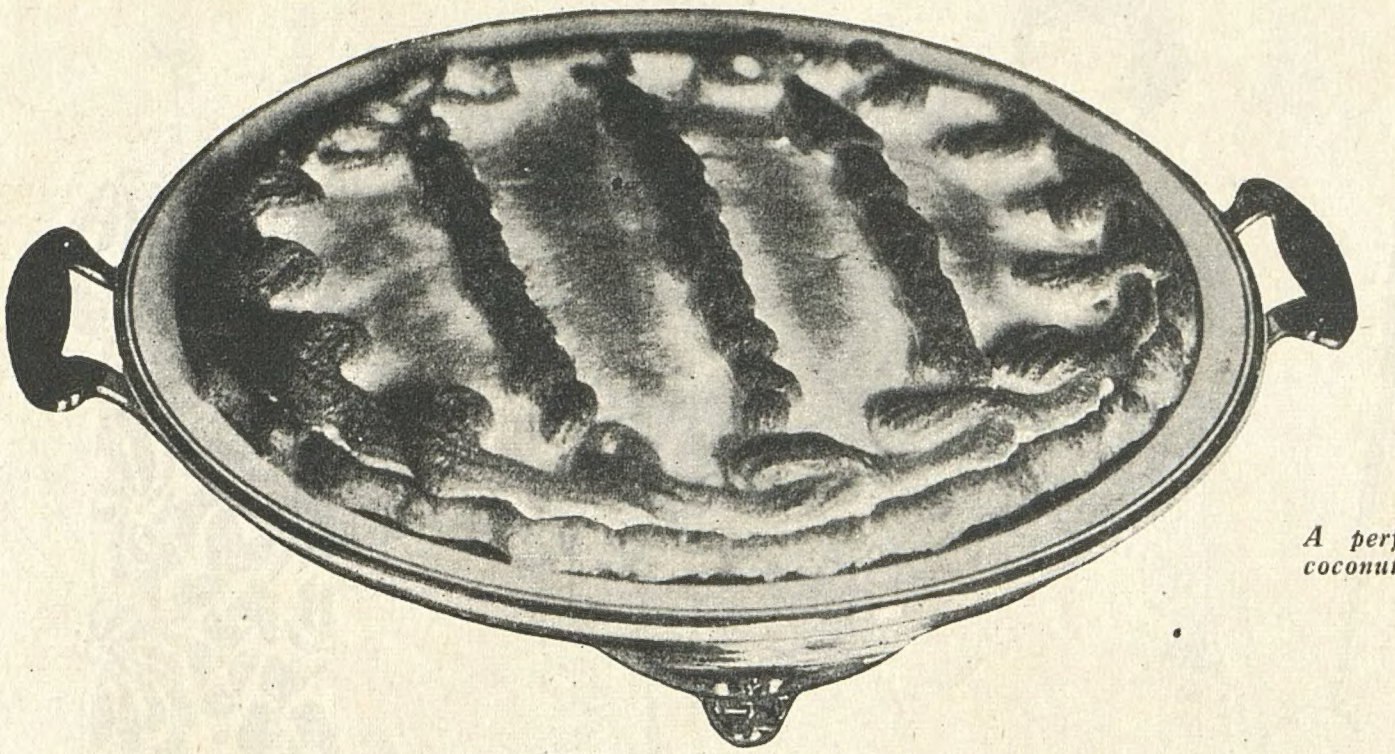
NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Can *You* Make a Successful Pie?



A perfectly made coconut cream pie.

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

ETHEL M. SOMERS, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economic classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

PIE is a truly typical American dessert and a popular one. In the United States pie is, no doubt, one of the six best sellers in the dessert market. In spite of the fact that it is hard to digest, in spite of the fact that it is expensive—we want it, we crave it, and we have it.

Pie has a proper place in the cold weather diet, particularly if the meal has been a light one. Pie more sensibly follows a fish or a meat loaf dinner, for example, than it does the roast pork dinner. If we select pie as the "grand finale" of our meal we should carefully build our menu around it, choosing succulent rather than starchy vegetables and a simply dressed lettuce rather than a rich salad. The superabundance of rich foods is the dietetic crime to be avoided.

This risk in pie eating may be further lessened by careful preparation of the pie crust. A tender, crisp pie crust which is built up of thin, transparent flakes, is more easily digested than a tough pasty crust which is compactly built. Adept manipulation, chilled ingredients, accurate measurements, and a hot oven all tend toward a flakier crust and hence one that is more digestible and more delightful.

One-crust pies halve the possibility of overtaxing our digestive systems and at the same time offer an excellent opportunity to learn the art of good pastry making. Recipes for the more popular of these one-crust pies are given herewith.

Pie Crust

(This quantity of dough will make two crusts on the ordinary pie plate of 9-inch diameter. One cup of flour is sufficient for two crusts on a 7-inch pan.)

- 1½ cups of flour (bread flour makes a flaky crust; pastry flour makes a crumbly crust)
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon baking powder (to be used only by amateurs)
- ⅓ cup shortening or (¼ to ½ cup)
- 4 to 6 tablespoons cold water

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Cut in the cold fat by repeatedly catching it between the edges of two knives and cutting through it. Continue stroking the mixture with the two knives until the fat is worked into fine balls resembling the granules in a coarse meal. Gradually add the cold water, mixing it in lightly with a knife. Continue mixing until the dough can be shaped into a ball and handled on a lightly floured board. Divide the dough into two parts. Handle as little as possible, for handling and rolling toughens the dough. Roll lightly to one-eighth inch thickness, rolling from the center out to keep the dough round. Do not re-roll. Fold the paste through the center and lift on to the pie plate. One-crust pies are best baked on an inverted pie plate. Flatten the dough tight to the pan and press from the center out so as to let out any air bubbles that may form. Trim the edge of the crust even with the edge of the pie plate. Dampen the rim and paste on a one-fourth inch strip of dough. Flute the edge by pressing it in between the thumb and forefinger, or by rolling with a pie crimper. Prick the entire surface with the tines of a fork. Put the pie pan on to a baking sheet to prevent the edges of the pie from touching the oven rack. Place in a hot oven, 425° F., for five to ten minutes, or until browned. During the first few minutes of baking, the shell will have to be carefully watched. If it puffs up it must be repricked to let out the air, for otherwise the crust will not be flat. Remove the baked shell from the tin and fill with any cooled, cream filling.

Cream Pie Filling

- 1½ cups milk, scalded
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 or 3 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Coconut Cream Pie

ADD one-fourth cup coconut to the cream filling after cooking. For variety two tablespoons of coconut may be sprinkled over the top of the meringue.

Chocolate Cream Pie

- 1½ cups milk, scalded
- ¾ cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons cornstarch
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 ounces of chocolate, grated or melted
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon butter
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Chopped nuts or cocoanut may be added

Lemon Cream Pie

- 1½ cups sugar
- ¼ cup flour
- ¼ cup cornstarch
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups boiling water
- 3 egg yolks
- ⅓ cup lemon juice

Grated rind of two lemons

- 2 teaspoons butter

Orange Cream Pie

Prepare as for lemon cream pie, using the juice of two oranges and the grated rind of one.

General Method of Mixing for All Cream Pies

MIX the sugar, flour, cornstarch, and salt until thoroughly blended. Slowly stir in the hot liquid, mixing well to prevent lumps. Boil and stir on the fire until the mixture is stiff enough to pile when dropped from a spoon. Then cook over water for fifteen to twenty minutes. This insures a thorough cooking of the starch and, therefore, enhances the flavor of the product. Remove from the fire. Beat in the egg yolks, butter, and flavoring whether it be extract or fruit juice and grated rind or melted chocolate. Cool the mixture before putting it into the pastry shell. Cover with meringue.

Banana Cream Pie

- 3 bananas
- ¾ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ½ teaspoon vanilla or ¾ tablespoon lemon juice

THE bananas should be put into the pastry shell in alternate layers with this cream filling. Bananas may also be sliced and added to the plain cream pie, in which the addition of one-fourth cup cream improves the product.

Pineapple Cream Pie

Prepare as for banana cream pie, using grated, canned pineapple in place of the bananas, and the pineapple juice in place of part or all of the water.

Meringue

- 2 or 3 egg whites, depending on what is left from filling
- 4 or 6 tablespoons sugar; powdered sugar is preferable
- ¼ teaspoon of flavoring, either lemon or vanilla

PUT the unbeaten egg whites into a bowl. Add the sugar and beat with a Dover or turbine beater until the egg whites are stiff enough to hold their shape. Beat in the flavoring and put on to the pie. A pastry tube may or may not be used for piping the meringue on. Dredge the top with granulated sugar. Brown delicately in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about eight minutes. If the oven is too hot, the meringue will shrink in and toughen.

Butterscotch Pie

- 1 cup scalded milk
- ½ cup cold water
- ¼ cup cornstarch
- 1 cup brown sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

HEAT the sugar and hot milk together until the sugar is dissolved. Make a paste of the cold milk and cornstarch. Slowly stir this paste into the hot milk and sugar mixture. Cook and stir over water until thickened. Continue cooking for twenty minutes. Remove from the fire and add the egg yolks, butter, and vanilla. Proceed as for other cream pies.

—and One was fair to look upon—the Other fading fast — A Bedtime Story

"You look as young as you did eight years ago, Adele,"—"How in the world do you do it?" And a wistful tone of envy unconsciously crept into Marjorie's voice.

They are the same age—had been school-girl pals and co-ed chums. And now, after eight years' separation, they are having a heart-to-heart "talk-fest" and recounting their experiences.

Adele has all her youthful freshness, with the added dash and verve that only the woman confident in her charms can register. Marjorie still has the contour of beauty, but little lines and wrinkles have crept into her face and she is beginning to "show her age."

"I simply try to keep what Nature gave me by exercising care in my toilet," replied Adele. "When I have been 'on the go' and feel 'all played out,' I refresh and rejuvenate my skin. I use a delightfully soothing and invigorating blue-gray pack called 'Boncilla Beautifier.' It lifts out the tired lines, keeps away wrinkles, cleanses my skin way deep down into the pores, and puts the life glow of renewed circulation into every muscle of my face. You *must* try it, Marjorie, and see what a change it works in both your *looks* and *feelings*."

Why Look Old Before Your Time?

Boncilla Beautifier is easy to use. You simply apply it to the face and neck, and allow to dry. No massaging is necessary. An idle half-hour devoted twice a week will make you retain your youthful complexion and charm indefinitely.

Five minutes after its application, you begin to feel the re-creating, refreshing effects of Boncilla. When you remove it, you can see the renewed color in your cheeks, your skin will be soft and satin-smooth, free from pimples and blackheads, and you will experience that delightful sensation of having been "made over."

Boncilla *draws out* all impurities of the skin by absorption. You can *feel* it doing its glorious work. You can immediately *see* and *know* its beneficial effects. It tones you up. It makes the beauty of health radiate from every pore.

Try a Boncilla Pack O' Beauty, 50c

Order this special package today at your toilet counter. Enough Boncilla Beautifier, two Boncilla Creams and Face Powder for four trial treatments. Later you will want the larger and more economical sizes.

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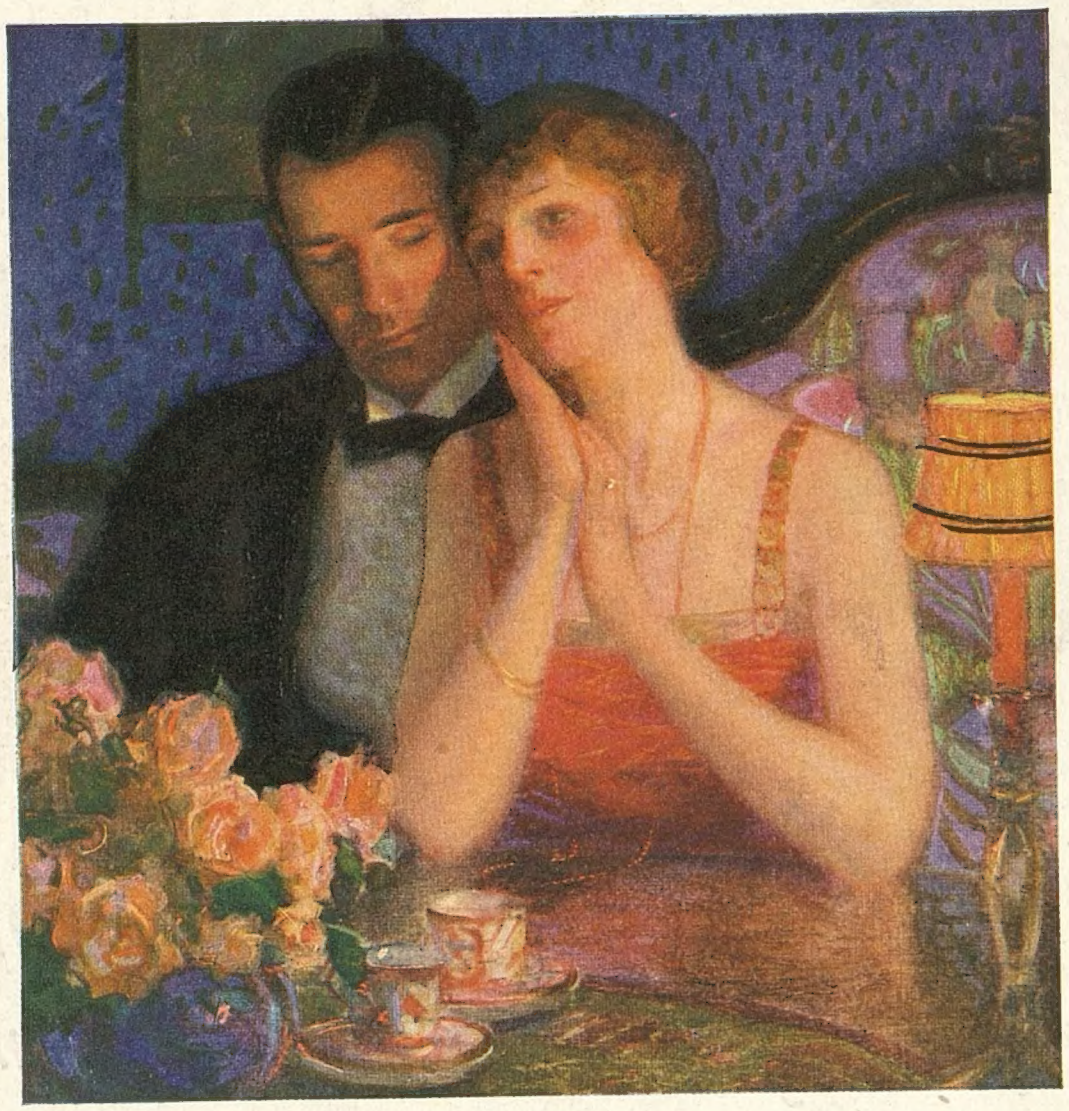
A Boncilla Today Keeps Wrinkles Away

AFTER THIRTY - can a woman still gain the charm of "A skin you Love to Touch?"



OFTEN the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation—think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!

SOME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets—late hours—and above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

How you can free your skin from blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse very carefully first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment to overcome blackheads

Every night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

A special treatment for an oily skin

First, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

How to give a sallow skin color and life

Once or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

What particular skin problem are you facing?

No matter what your type of skin happens to be—you will find the treatment that exactly meets its needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "*A Skin you Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Thousands of women have gained a clear smooth skin by using these famous treatments.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin your treatment tonight. See what a marked improvement the daily use of Woodbury's will make in your complexion. Faults that have troubled you for years will disappear. The whole tone of your skin will become younger, fresher, clearer.

* * *

You can get Woodbury's Facial Soap at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size — for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1422 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1422 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. *English Agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

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